THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
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INTERIOR OF FORT BARTOW, ROANOKE ISLAND, DURING THE BOMBARDMENT BY THE NATIONAL GUNBOATS, FEBRUARY 7.

From a Sketch by "Frank Leslie's" Special Artist, Accompanying the Expedition.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Newfoundland Dogs.—Speaking of the Newfoundland dog, he told us that one of pure, original blood was scarcely to be found. I had supposed, and had good reason for it, from what I had read in the papers, about the time of the visit to St. Johns', upon the laying of the Atlantic Cable, that any person could, for a small sum, purchase numbers of the finest dogs. I think a certain correspondent of some daily paper told us that several gentlemen supplied themselves with these animals upon their departure. If such was the case, then they took away with them about the last of the real breed, and must have paid for them such prices as they would not like to own. Scarcely a splendid dog is now to be seen, and five, ten, and even twenty pounds sterling might be refused for him. And they are not the pure-blooded creature, either, by a good deal. It is to be regretted that dogs of such strength, beauty, and sagacity, should have been permitted to become almost extinct in their native country.—*After Icebergs with a Painter.*

☞ The magnitude of the present war over the Revolution is made impressive by the fact that the number of prisoners taken at Fort Donelson was greater than the united number taken at Saratoga and Yorktown.

MAGDALENE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY AUGUST BELL.

Magdalene, Magdalene,
When the river banks were green
And the waves shone in the sun,
Knew I that my fate began,
When I met you, Magdalene!

With the violets at your feet,
With the maples waving o'er you,
And the restless sea before you,
Which your dark eyes flashed to greet!

Magdalene, Magdalene,
Hungered I, apart, unseen,
As the desert for the dew.
You watched Heaven, while I watched you,
With your pure heart, Magdalene!

While the blue sky bent above you,
And the waves sang sweet beside you;
Though the maples tried to hide you
From the eyes that dared to love you!

Magdalene, Magdalene,
Oh, the river banks are green,
And I look for you each day,
But you never come my way—
Whither roam you, Magdalene?

And I sigh, "my dream is done,"—
Though the violets bloom as sweet
'Neath the maples' wavy grace,—
And the waves laugh in the face
Of the proud, indignant sun!

New London.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "The Mystery," "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

A LEGACY.

"You will stay for the funeral, Mr. Clay?"

"It is my intention to do so."

"Good. Being interested in the will, it may be agreeable to you to hear it read."

"Am I interested?" inquired Austin, in some surprise.

"Why, of course you are," replied Mr. Knapley, the legal gentleman with whom Austin was speaking, and who had the conduct of Mrs. Thornimett's affairs. "Did you never know that you were a considerable legatee?"

"I did not," said Austin. "Some years ago—it was at the death of Mr. Thornimett—Mrs. Thornimett hinted to me that I might be better sometime for a trifle from her; but she has never alluded to it since; and I have not counted upon it."

"Then I can tell you—though it is revealing secrets beforehand—that you are the better to the tune of two thousand pounds."

"Two thousand pounds!" uttered Austin, in sheer amazement. "How ever came she to leave me so much as that?"

"Do you quarrel with it, young sir?"

"No, indeed: I am deeply grateful. But I am surprised, nevertheless."

"She was a clever, clear-sighted woman, was Mrs. Thornimett," observed Mr. Knapley. "I'll tell you about it—how it is you come to have so much. When I was taking directions for Mr. Thornimett's will—more than ten years back now—a discussion arose between him and his wife as to the propriety of leaving a sum of money to Austin Clay. A thousand pounds was the amount named. Mr. Thornimett was for leaving you in his wife's hands, to let her bequeath it to you at her death; Mrs. Thornimett wished it should be left to you then, in the will I was about to make, that you might inherit it on the demise of Mr. Thornimett. He took his own course, and did *not* leave it, as you are aware."

"I did not expect him to leave me anything," interrupted Austin.

"My young friend, if you break in with these remarks I shall not get to the end of my story. After her husband's burial, Mrs. Thornimett spoke to me. 'I particularly wished the thousand pounds left now to Austin Clay,' she said, 'and I shall appropriate it to him at once.' 'Appropriate it in what manner?' I asked her. 'I should like to put it out to interest, that it may be accumulating for him,' she replied, 'so that at my death he may receive both principal and interest.' 'Then, if you live as long as it is to be hoped you will, Mrs. Thornimett, you may be bequeathing him two thousand pounds, instead of one,' I observed to her. 'Mr. Knapley,' was her answer, 'if I choose to bequeath him three, it is my own money that I do it with; and I am responsible to no one.' She had taken my remark to be one of remonstrance, you see, in which spirit it was not made: had Mrs. Thornimett chosen to leave you the whole of her money she had been welcome to do it for me. 'Can you help me to a safe investment for him?' she resumed, and I promised to look about for it. The long and the short of it is, that I found both a safe and a profitable investment, and the one thousand pounds *has* swollen itself into two—as you will hear when the will is read."

"I am truly obliged for her kindness, and for the trouble you have taken," exclaimed Austin, with a glowing color. "I never thought to get rich all at once," he added.

"You only be prudent and take care of it," said Mr. Knapley; "be as wise in its use as I and Mrs. Thornimett have been. It is the best advice I can give you."

"It is good advice, I know, and I thank you for it," warmly responded Austin.

"Ay. I can tell you that less than two thousand pounds has laid the foundation of many a great fortune."

Austin fell into a reverie. He did not much care about "great fortunes" in the abstract; he made the very best use of the good talent given him by God, to work for his living, to achieve a position, to attain a competency for his old age; but for money, in itself, he had no great love. He was not ambitious to die "worth a million;" he had the rare good sense to know that excess of means cannot bring excess of happiness. The richest man on earth cannot eat two dinners a day, or wear two coats at a time, or sit two thoroughbred horses at once, or sleep on two beds. What does he do with his riches? They must be a source of continual trouble to him. Riches cannot take a man to heaven, or help him on his road thither.

Austin Clay's ambition lay in becoming a powerful man of business: such men as were the Messrs. Hunter. He would like to have men under him, of whom he should be the master; not to control them with an iron hand, to grind them to the dust, to hold them at a haughty distance, as if they were of one species of humanity and he of another. No; he would hold intact their relative positions of master and servant—none more strictly than he; but he would be their considerate friend, their firm advocate, regardful ever of their interests as he was of his own. He would like to have a capital sufficient for all necessary operations, that he might fulfill every obligation justly and honorably; so far money would be welcome to Austin. Very welcome did the two thousand pounds sound in his ears, for they might be the stepping-stone to this. Not to the "great fortune" talked of by Mr. Knapley: he did not care for that. They might also be a stepping-stone to something else—the very thought of which caused his face to glow and his veins to tingle—the winning of Florence Hunter. That he would win her, Austin's mind was firmly set upon.

On the day previous to the funeral, Austin, in walking through the streets of Ketterford, found himself suddenly seized by the shoulder. A window had been thrown open, and a fair arm (to speak with the gallantry due to the sex in general, rather than to that one arm in particular) was pushed out and laid upon him. His captor was Miss Gwinn.

"Come in," she briefly said.

Austin would have been better pleased to avoid her, but as she had thus summarily caught him, there was no help for it; for, to enter into a battle of contention with *her* might be productive of neither honor nor profit. He entered her sitting room, and she motioned him to a chair.

"So you did not intend to call upon me during your stay in Ketterford, Austin Clay?"

"The melancholy occasion on which I am here precludes much visiting," was his reply. "And my sojourn will be a short one."

"Don't be a hypocrite, boy," and use those unmeaning words. 'Melancholy occasion!' What did you care for Mrs. Thornimett, that her death should make you 'melancholy?'"

"Mrs. Thornimett was my dear and valued friend," he returned, with emotion. "There are few living whom I would not rather have spared. I shall never cease to regret the not having arrived in time to see her before she died."

"What has Dr. Bevary told you of me and of my affairs?" she rejoined, passing abruptly to another subject.

"Not anything," replied Austin. He did not lift his eyes, and a scarlet flush dyed his brow as he spoke; nevertheless, it was the strict truth. Miss Gwinn noted the signs of consciousness.

"You can equivocate, I see."

"Pardon me. I have not equivocated to you. Dr. Bevary has disclosed nothing; he has never spoken to me of your affairs. Why should he, Miss Gwinn?"

"Your face told a different tale."

"It did not tell as untruth, at any rate," he said, with some hauteur.

"Do you never see Dr. Bevary?"

"I see him sometimes."

"At the house of Mr. Hunter, I presume. How is *she?*"

Again the flush, whatever may have called it up, crimsoned Austin Clay's brow.

"I do not know of whom you speak," he coldly said.

"Of Mrs. Hunter."

"She is in ill health."

"Ill to be in danger of her life? I hear so."

"It may be. I cannot say."

"Do you know, Austin Clay, that I have a long, long account to settle with you?" she resumed, after a pause. "Years and years have elapsed since, and I have never called upon you for it. Why should I?" she added, relapsing into a dreamy mood, and speaking to herself rather than to Austin; "the mischief was done, and could not be recalled. I sent up a note once to you at the Messrs. Hunters, inclosing one for my brother, who was in town, and asking you to give it him. Why did you not?"

Austin threw back his recollection: though, indeed, he retained only too vivid a remembrance of all that had taken place that morning.

"I could not give it him, Miss Gwinn. When your letter reached me your brother had already been at the office of the Messrs. Hunter, and was then on his road back to Ketterford. The inclosure was burnt unopened."

"Ay!" she passionately uttered, throwing her arms upwards in mental pain, as Austin had seen her do in days gone by, and holding commune with herself, regardless of his presence, "such has been my fate through life. Thwarted, thwarted on all sides. For years and years I had lived but in the hope of finding him; the hope of it kept life in me: and when the time came, and I did find him, and was entering upon my revenge, then this brother of mine, who has been the second bane of my existence, stepped in and reaped the benefit. It was my fault. Why, in my exultation, did I tell him the man was found? Did I not know enough of his avarice, his needs, to have made sure that he would turn it to his own account? Why," she continued, battling with her hands at some invisible adversary, "was I born with this strong principle of justice within me? Why, because he stepped in with his false claims and drew gold—a fortune—of the man, did I deem it a reason for dropping *my* revenge?—for letting it rest in obeyance? In obeyance it is still; and its unsatisfied claims are wearing out my heart and my life—"

"Miss Gwinn," interrupted Austin, "I fancy you forget that I am present. Your family affairs have nothing to do with me. I will wish you good-day."

"True. They have nothing to do with you. I know not why I spoke before you, save that your sight angers me."

"Why so?" Austin could not forbear asking.

"Because you live on terms of friendship with that man. You are as his right hand in business; you are a welcome guest at his house; you regard and respect the house's mistress. Boy! but that she has not willfully injured me, but that she is the sister of Dr. Bevary, I should—"

"I cannot listen to any discussion involving the name of Hunter," spoke Austin, in a repellant, resolute tone, though the color had not left his cheeks. "Allow me to wish you good-day."

An interruption came, in the person of Lawyer Gwinn. He entered the room without his coat, a pen behind each ear, and a dirty straw hat on his head. It was probably his office attire in warm weather.

"I thought I heard a strange voice. How do you do, Mr. Clay?" he exclaimed with much suavity.

Austin bowed, said something to the effect that he was on the point of departing, and retreated to the door, bowing his final farewell to Miss Gwinn. Mr. Gwinn followed.

"Ketterford will have to congratulate you, Mr. Clay," he said. "I understand you inherit a very handsome sum from Mrs. Thornimett."

"Indeed!" frigidly replied Austin. "Mrs. Thornimett's will is not yet read. But Ketterford always knows everybody's business better than its own."

"Look you, my dear Mr. Clay," cried the lawyer, holding him by the button-hole. "Should you require a most superior investment for your money—one that will turn you in cent. per cent. and no risk—I can help you to one. Should your inheritance be of the value of a thousand pounds, and you would like to double it—as all men, of course, do—just intrust it to me: I have the very thing now open."

Austin shook himself free—rather too much in the manner that he might have shaken himself from a serpent.

"Whether my inheritance may be of the value of one thousand pounds or of ten thousand, Mr. Gwinn, I shall not require your services in the disposal of it. Good-morning."

The lawyer looked after him as he strode away. "Do you carry it with a high hand to me, do you, my brave gentleman? with your

vain person, and your fine clothes, and your imperious manner! Take you care! I hold your master under my thumb; I may next hold you!"

"The vile cockatrice!" ejaculated Austin to himself, walking all the faster to leave the lawyer's house behind him. "She is bad enough, with her hankering after revenge, and her fits of passion; but she is an angel of light compared to him. Heaven help Mr. Hunter! It would have been sufficient to have had *her* to fight, but to have *him!* Ay, heaven help him! Poor thing! there are times when I pity her! Incomprehensible as the story is to me, I can feel compassion: for it was a heavy wrong done her, looking at it in the best light. She is not all bad; but for the wrong, and for her evil temper, she might have been all good. There is something noble in the bit I gathered now from her lips, if it be true—that she suffered her own revenge to drop into abeyance, because her brother had pursued Mr. Hunter to drain money from him; she would not go upon him in both ways. Yes, it was noble and generous."

The funeral of Mrs. Thornimett took place. She was laid beside her husband, there to repose peacefully until the last trump shall sound. On the return of the mourners to the house, the will was read, and Austin found himself the undoubted possessor of two thousand pounds. Several little treasures, in the shape of books, drawings, and home knicknacks, were also left to him. He saw after the packing of these, and the day following the funeral returned to London.

It was evening when he arrived; and he proceeded without delay to the house of Mr. Hunter—ostensibly to report himself, really to obtain a sight of Florence, for which his tired heart was yearning. The drawing-room was lighted up, by which he judged that they had friends with them. Mr. Hunter met him in the hall: never did a visitor's knock sound at his door but Mr. Hunter, in his nervous restlessness, strove to watch who it might be that entered. Seeing Austin, his face acquired a shade of brightness, and he came forward with an outstretched hand.

"But you have visitors," Austin said, when greetings were over, and Mr. Hunter was drawing him towards the stairs. He wore deep mourning, but was not in evening dress.

"As if anybody will care for the cut of your coat!" cried Mr. Hunter. "There's Mrs. Hunter wrapped up in a woollen shawl."

The room was gay with light and dress, with many voices and with music. Florence was seated at the piano playing, and singing in a glee with others. Austin, silently greeting those whom he knew as he passed, made his way to Mrs. Hunter. She was wrapped in a warm shawl, as her husband had said; but she appeared better than usual.

"I am so glad to see you looking well," Austin whispered, deep feeling in his tone.

"And I am glad to see you here again," she smiled in reply, as she held his hand. "We have missed you, Austin. Yes, I feel better; but it is only a temporary improvement. So you have lost poor Mrs. Thornimett. She died before you could reach her."

"She did," replied Austin, with a grave face. "I wish we could get transported to places, in case of necessity, as quickly as the telegraph brings us news that we are wanted. A senseless and idle wish, you will say; but it would have served me in this case. She asked after me twice in her last half hour."

"Austin," breathed Mrs. Hunter, "was it a happy death-bed? Was she ready to go?"

"Quite, quite," he answered, a look of enthusiasm illumining his face. "She had been ready long."

"Then we may praise God that she is taken. Oh, Austin, what a happy thing it must be to die! But you are young and hopeful; you cannot understand that, yet."

So, Mrs. Hunter had learnt that great truth! Some years before, she had not so spoken to the wife of John Baxendale, when *she* was waiting to be taken. It had come to her ere her time of trial—as the dying woman had told her it would.

The singing ceased, and in the movement which it occasioned in the room, Austin left Mrs. Hunter's side, and stood within the embrasure of the window, half hidden by the curtains. The air was pleasant on that warm, summer night, and Florence, resigning her place at the instrument to some other lady, stole to the window to inhale its freshness. There she saw Austin. She had not heard him enter the room—did not know, in fact, that he was back from Ketterford.

"Oh!" she uttered, in the sudden revulsion of feeling that the sight brought to her, "is it you?"

He quietly took her hands in his, and looked down at her. Had it been to save her life, she could not have helped betraying emotion. Her face grew hot, her hands trembled, her heart beat wildly.

"Are you glad to see me, Florence?" he softly whispered.

She colored even to tears. Glad! The time might come when she should be able to tell him so; but that time was not yet.

"Mrs. Hunter is glad of my return," he continued, in the same low tone, sweeter to her ear than all earthly music. "She says I have been missed. Is it so, Florence?"

"And what have you been doing?" she asked, not knowing in the least what she said in her confusion, as she left his question unanswered, and drew her hands away from him.

"I have not been doing much, save the seeing a dear old friend laid in the earth. You know that Mrs. Thornimett is dead. She died before I got there."

"Papa told us that. He heard from you two or three times, I think. How you must regret it! But why did they not send for you in time?"

"It was only the last day that danger was apprehended," replied Austin. "She grew worse suddenly. You cannot think, Florence, how strangely this gayety"—he half turned to the room—"contrasts with the scenes I have left; the holy calm of her death-chamber, the laying of her in the grave."

"An unwelcome contrast, I am sure it must be."

"It jars on the mind. All scenes essentially of the world, let them be ever so necessary or useful, must do so, when contrasted with the solemn scenes of life's close. But how soon we forget these solemn scenes, and live for the world again!"

"Austin," she gently whispered, "I do not like to talk of death. It reminds me of the dread that is ever oppressing me."

"She looks so much better as to surprise me," was his answer, unconscious that it betrayed his undoubted cognisance of the "dread" she spoke of.

"If it would but last!" sighed Florence. "To prolong mamma's life, I think I would sacrifice mine."

"No, you would not, Florence—in mercy to her. If called upon to lose her you would grow reconciled to it; to do so, is in the order of nature. *She* could not spare *you*."

Florence believed that she never could grow reconciled to it; she often wondered *how* she could bear it, if called upon. But there rose up before her, now as she spoke with Austin, one cheering promise, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be"

"What should you say, if I tell you I have come into a fortune?" resumed Austin, in a lighter tone.

"I should say—But is it true?" broke off Florence.

"Not true, as you and Mr. Hunter would count fortunes," smiled Austin; "but true, as poor I have looked upon them. Mrs. Thornimett has behaved to me most kindly, most generously; she has bequeathed to me two thousand pounds."

"I am delighted to hear it," said Florence, her glad eyes sparkling. "Never call yourself poor again."

"I cannot call myself rich, as Mr. and Mrs. Hunter compute riches. But, Florence, it may be a stepping-stone to become so."

"A stepping-stone to become what?" demanded Dr. Bevary, breaking in upon the conference.

"Rich," laughed Austin, turning to the Doctor. "I am telling Florence that I have come into some money, since I went away."

Mr. Hunter and others were gathering around them, and the conversation became general.

"What is that, Clay?" asked Mr. Hunter. "You have come into a fortune, do you say?"

"I said, *not* into a fortune, sir, as those accustomed to fortune would estimate it. But it may prove a stepping-stone to fortune and to—to other desirable things."

"Do not speak so vaguely," cried the Doctor, in his quaint fashion. "Define the 'desirable things.'"

"I am not sure that they have taken a sufficiently tangible shape to be defined as yet," returned Austin, in the same tone. "You might laugh at them for day-dreams."

Unwittingly his eye rested for a moment upon Florence. Did she deem the day-dreams might refer to her, that her eyelids should droop, and her cheeks turn scarlet?

Dr. Bevary noticed both the look and the signs; Mr. Hunter saw neither.

"Day-dreams would be enchanting as an eastern fairy-tale, only that they never get realized," interposed one of the fair guests, with a pretty simper, directed to Austin Clay and his attractions.

"I will realize mine," he uttered, "Heaven helping me!"

"A better stepping-stone that, to rely upon, than the money you have come into," said Dr. Bevary.

"True, Doctor," replied Austin. "But may not the money have come from the same source? Heaven, you know, vouchsafes to work with humble instruments."

They quitted the house together, Austin and Dr. Bevary. The doctor walked arm-in-arm with him as far as Daffodil's Delight, when he wished him good night and continued his way home. Austin turned towards Peter Quale's.

But, what could be the matter? Had Daffodil's Delight miscalculated the time, believing it to be day instead of night? Women leaned out of their windows in night caps; children crept out of their beds and came forth to tumble into the gutter naked, as some of them literally were; men crowded the doorway of the "Bricklayers' Arms," stood about with pipes and pint pots; young girls were dancing polkas in the street, singing to the measure: all were in a state of rampant excitement. Austin laid hold of the first person who appeared sober enough to listen to him. It happened to be a woman, Mrs. Dunn.

"What is this?" he exclaimed. "Have you all come into a fortune?" the recent conversation at Mr. Hunter's probably helping him to the remark.

"Better nor that," shrieked Mrs. Dunn; and, as if the question had aroused within her the excitement which had for the moment been stilled, she jigged a jig to the tune of the dancing girls. "Better nor *that*, a thousand times! We have circumvented the masters and got our ends, and now we shall just have all we want—roast goose and apple-pudding for dinner, and plenty of beer to wash it down with."

"But what is it that you have got?" persisted Austin, who was completely at sea.

"Got! why, we have got the STRIKE," she replied, in joyful excitement. "Pollock's men struck to-day. Where have you been, not to have heerd on it?"

At that moment a fresh crowd came jostling down Daffodil's Delight, and Austin was parted from the lady. Indeed, she rushed up to the crowd to follow in their wake. Many other ladies were following in their wake—half Daffodil's Delight, if one might judge by numbers. Shouting, singing, exulting, dancing; it seemed as if they had, for the nonce, gone mad. Sam Shuck, in his long-tailed coat, ornamented with its holes and its slits, was leading the van, his voice hoarse, his face red, his legs and arms executing a war-dance of exultation. He it was who had got up the excitement, and was keeping it up, shouting fiercely. "Glory be to us builders! Hurrah for the work of this day! Rule Brittannia! Britons never shall be slaves! The Strike has begun, friends!—H—o—o—o—o—o—r—rah! three cheers for the strike!"

Yes. The strike had begun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Message of the President relative to the slavery question, will undoubtedly attract a great deal of attention not only in this country but in Europe. It simply advises a declaration on the part of the general government, that it is willing to co-operate with any slaveholding state in the gradual "abolishment" of slavery, by affording to such state pecuniary aid, "to be used by such state in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system."

In Europe this proposition doubtless will be received with great applause, and will aid in consolidating public sentiment on the side of the Union.

In our own Free States, we judge the proposal will be on the whole favorably received; inasmuch as we note that both the *N. Y. Tribune* and the *N. Y. Herald* unite in commending it. The strongest objection, we think, that will be made to it, is that of expense. The President foresees this objection, and argues that the adoption of the policy of gradual emancipation, with compensation, by the border slaveholding states, would lessen the duration of the war sufficiently to be an equivalent for the pecuniary aid afforded to those states.

The main and most important question remains however, What will the border slaveholding states themselves say to such a proposition? Are they willing to take measures for the gradual abolition of slavery, in conformity with the suggestion of the President? If they are not, that would almost seem to end the matter, for it could lead, at least for the present, to no practical results.

For our own part, believing as we do that the more the institutions of the different states conform to each other, the more will harmony and true union of feeling prevail among them, we are inclined to favor the adoption of the President's policy. Putting entirely aside the question whether the system of domestic servitude which prevails in the South be right or wrong, the fact that it differs so widely alike in form and essence from the institutions of the North, would seem of itself to furnish material for everlasting disputes and bickerings. In the Union those disputes will lead to constant political dissensions; if out of the Union, to constant border quarrels and frequent wars. Constituted as men are, so long as their institutions greatly differ, the material for contention and war is ever present.

Now even though the citizens of the border slave states may believe as strongly as ever, that slavery is a perfectly justifiable and even beneficent institution, it may be expedient for them, with a view to the future harmony of the Republic, to take measures for the gradual alteration of their institutions in this respect, to conform to those of the great majority of the states. Especially in view of the moderate and liberal policy recommended by the President, would it seem wise for them to take the proposed measure into earnest consideration.

Certainly, it must be the wish of all fervent lovers of the Union, that things may be so arranged that hereafter the North and the South may dwell in peace and harmony—a peace and harmony unknown for the last twenty years. So strongly do we for ourselves feel the importance of this, that if we were able to see in Secession itself any prospect of harmony—and not of only aggravated trouble, in the shape of continual wars, and endless foreign intermeddlings—we should be in favor of acquiescing in the policy of separation, and acknowledging the independence of the "Confederate States." But, as we repeatedly have said, we see no prospect of peace, but only of war, continual war, and endless foreign humiliations, as the result of Disunion.

The President's policy involves no sacrifice of principle on either side—and no sacrifice of means, if his views be correct as to the effect of such a measure in shortening the war. But, even if it should prove to involve a pecuniary sacrifice, so that that sacrifice be within our power, would it not be the wisest to make it? It must be a high price which we should refuse to pay for future Peace, harmonious Union. If the institutions of the two sections can be made to harmonize, by means that will be acceptable to both parties, and a constant root of bitterness be thus removed, we may look forward to the future without that sinking of the heart which now, we think, must depress every sagacious and considerate mind.

MRS. WOOD.—The *London Times* recently contained a very favorable notice of Mrs. Wood, so many of whose works have appeared in the columns of this paper. We may mention that arrangements have been made with *Messrs. T. B. Peterson, & Brothers*, of this city, by which several of these admirable works will be published in book form. "THE EARL'S HEIRS," (*Earl's Daughters*,) is already issued—price 50 cts.

THE AMERICAN POLICY.

We judge by recent indications that the present administration is fully awake to the importance of pursuing a policy which will unite in fraternal bonds all the nations of the great American continent. Since the recent movements of the allied European powers relative to Mexico, the importance of such a policy is more apparent than ever. America, as a whole, must resolutely determine that this continent shall not be made the victim of European schemes, intrigues and combinations. Let the subtle plotters of the old world take care of their own side of the water—the people of this side are perfectly competent to manage their own affairs. Consistently with this view, the President recently received the new Minister from Peru—a state which the last administration managed to get us into an unwise difficulty with—with the following judicious but significant words:—

The President said the United States have no enmities, animosities, or malices, and no interests which conflict with the welfare, safety, and rights or interests of any other nation. Their own prosperity, happiness, and aggrandizement are sought most safely and advantageously through the preservation, not only of peace on their own part, but peace among all other nations. But while the United States are thus a friend to all other nations, they do not seek to conceal the fact that *they cherish especial sentiments of friendship for and sympathies with those who, like themselves, have founded their institutions on the principle of the equal rights of men; and such nations, being more prominently neighbors of the United States, the latter are co-operating with them in establishing civilization and culture on the American continent.* Such being the general principles which govern the United States in their foreign relations, you may be assured, sir, that in all things this Government will deal justly, frankly, *and, if it be possible, even liberally* with Peru, whose liberal sentiments toward us you have so kindly expressed.

We see it stated in connection with this general subject, that the Secretary of State is preparing a communication to Congress, in which he will protest, temperately but firmly, against the rumored attempt to establish a monarchy in Mexico by means of a military intervention. Such an attempt should be met with the united and earnest remonstrance of all the nations of North and South America. In our judgment, nothing but an imperative necessity should compel the American Union to acquiesce in such an interference for an instant—and nothing should ever permanently reconcile us to it. Of course if Mexico of her own free will institutes a monarchical form of government, that is another matter. But if she does, she will hardly go to Europe for a monarch. To do that, would be to make almost a national confession that mankind had degenerated on this side of the ocean even below the level of the Hapsburgs and Bourbons of the old world.

A PHILADELPHIA ARTIST.—We copy the following tribute to a talented artist of this city, from the *New York Saturday Evening Courier*:—

The remarkable study from Nature, by W. T. Richards, of Germantown, Pa., and which remains for a few days longer at Goupil's gallery, has attracted attention. Mr. R. has secured the generous applause of his brethren of the brush, as also the *golden* recognition so necessary and satisfactory to the laborer. We are glad to hear that Mr. R. has received ten handsome commissions from our citizens—one from the wealthy Mr. Brown, of Flushing, is for 5,500; and for a work to be painted entirely out of doors during the coming season.

THE REBEL PLANS.—The whole rebel force cannot be over 250,000. 100,000 men of this force are probably in Virginia. The indications are that the rebels are considering the policy of combining a large force, letting their own territory go unprotected for a while, and attempting to penetrate the North. Failure in such a game would be utter ruin to them—but then they doubtless see ruin ahead if they continue to act on the defensive.

DELIGHTFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS.—A New Orleans telegram in the *Memphis Appeal*, says gold is at a premium in that city, of from 60 to 65 per cent. The *Appeal*, in the same number, appears to consider their financial condition all that could be desired!

THE POTOMAC ARMY.—The only movement to the time we write this is on the Upper Potomac—General Banks having advanced to Bunker Hill (or Ville), where Gen. Patterson rested. No action of any consequence has occurred.

COTTON.—There is said to be a larger stock of cotton on hand in England than at this time a year ago. The cotton spinners are now convinced that their alarm was needlessly great.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LOVE AND SECESSION—A Novel. By BENJAMIN WOOD. Published by Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

This is a story of Love and Secession; a little of the first, and a great deal of the last. The scenes which relate to the tender passion centre in the person of Miss Oriana Weems, a beauteous daughter of Virginia, belonging to a First Family. This lovely creature is besieged by no less than three Yankee admirers, of whom one is the hero, one the villain, and the other a sort of middle-man. Of these the villain is decidedly the most entertaining. He is a native of Massachusetts, who has accumulated a fortune in Richmond, but never succeeded in attaining the friendship of the aforesaid First Families in consequence of "a suspicion that he was not altogether free from the degradation of slave-dealing." This villain, Seth Rawton by name, is described as "a tall, gaunt man, with stooping shoulders, angular features, lank black hair, and a sinister expression;" altogether so far from an Adonis as to account, in everything but an anatomical view, for the fact that Miss Oriana, when he addresses her in tender terms, "drew her slight form up till it seemed to gain a foot in height." We might, as unprejudiced readers, forgive Seth's want of personal graces, but we *must* object to his ungentlemanly conduct in "sicking" his dog on the young lady when she declines his suit. From that moment we gave up the Massachusetts villain to the Nemesis we plainly saw awaiting him in the sequel.

The middleman has no dog, and would not for the world do anything ungentlemanly, but his fatal drawback is that he is a strong Union man, and even, (misguided being) goes so far as to join the Union army! Upon this, Oriana very properly withdraws her affections from the fanatical middleman, and bestows them upon the virtuous and immaculate hero, Arthur Wayne, who feels warm sympathy for the oppressed and injured Secesh ers, and when the war opens, "retires to his Vermont farm," to live quietly among his books and pastures, and to talk State Rights to any one that he can entice to listen to his dreary twaddle. For, with all due respect for the dignities and virtues of Mr. Benjamin Wood, we must say that the arguments with which his pages teem are indeed sad twaddle. We may, in a certain way, amuse ourselves with the narrative of "Love and Secession." It is not a good novel, but it is not *so very* bad, and has occasionally a kind of liveliness; but the arguments?—we cannot swallow this castor oil, let the treacle with which it is mollified be never so "slab and good." It is all the old, old story. The States are sovereignties, the General Government is their appointed agent, from whom they have the right to resume the control of their own business, &c., &c. And war is a bad thing too; and people have their heads broken, and are hurt various ways, and sometimes killed; and so on. It is not worth while to say any more about the didactic part of Mr. Wood's novel.

As to the denouement there is none, properly speaking. The characters get into a tangle at Bull's Run, and a number of them are finished off, but the rest remain at large and unprovided for by their cruel "parient," the novelist. We have a lurking fear that he intends a supplement, carrying on affairs to Fort Donelson, or further; but avaunt anticipation! let us "calmly bear the ills we have" without forecasting others in the future.

NEWS ITEMS.

GOV. ANDREW JOHNSON (Provisional Governor of Tenn.) accompanied by his son, Col. Robert Johnson, Wm. A. Browning, Secretary, &c., Hon. Horace Maynard, and Hon. Emerson Etheridge, Clerk of the House, have left Washington for Nashville.

THE Secretary of War has informed a friend of Gen. Frémont's that no Court of Inquiry would be ordered in his case, *as there was nothing on which to base it.*

NEW MADRID INVESTED.—From New Madrid, Missouri, we learn that the United States forces under Gen. Pope have invested the town completely, but the rebels have from 5,000 to 10,000 men in the town, and four gunboats at the levee. The fire from the latter has killed several of our men, but our men are sanguine of complete success.

AN Arkansas paper says that General Bragg has been transferred from Pensacola to the command of the rebel Department of Arkansas. Price makes out poorly in raising troops in Arkansas, and a draft is inevitable.

THE bill to provide for the occupation and cultivation of cotton lands on the southern coast has passed the Senate by ayes 26, noes 14. It provides for three Commissioners, to rent out the lands, &c.

TOOMBS A LIEUTENANT-GENERAL—INVASION OF THE NORTH.—The news from the South is that the Confederates have organized a new grand military plan, which is to revive their waning fortunes. A part of it is that Robert Toombs, the violent orator, is to be appointed Lieutenant-General or General-Commanding, and that he is to organize an offensive war against the North. Ohio and Pennsylvania are to be invaded, and the forces now in the border states driven home.

IT is rumored in Paris that Louis Napoleon intends to employ his influence to secure the election of Archbishop Hughes to the Popedom, upon the death of the present incumbent. The Archbishop is said to have had several interviews with the Emperor.

OBERLIN, Ohio, has a new sensation. Two young ladies, attending school there, were poisoned by a third who was jealous of the attentions paid them by young gentlemen, and complaint was lodged against her before a magistrate. But ere she could appear for trial, she was assaulted by some men in disguise, and so roughly handled, that she has since been unable to leave her room.

THE Ericsson iron-plated floating battery has been armed with two 11-inch columbiads, which have been furnished with 400 wrought iron shot, each ball costing $47, and weighing 184 pounds. These balls were made by forging square blocks of iron at the Novelty Works, then turning them at the lathe. The cost of the 400 amounts to $18,800, and their total weight is 73,000 pounds. Cast iron shot are liable to break in pieces when fired against thick iron plates.

THE Canada's news from England is to Sunday, Feb. 23d. The Bavaria, from this side, arrived out on the 23d, but her news, including the achievement of our gunboat navy at Fort Henry, was scarcely known at London. The succeeding steamer from this side would advise of the Roanoke victory, and the following week the report of the Fort Donelson battle and capture would arrive out.

REV. DR. SMITH, son-in-law of Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, arrived at Columbus, Ohio, lately, from Knoxville, and tells a sad story of the sufferings of his family and friends, as of other Union men, at the hands of Zollicoffer.

RELIABLE intelligence states that the enemy is in full force at Winchester, Virginia, and have completed formidable earthworks on this side, mounted with sixty guns, including field batteries.

THE NEGRO TO BE EXCLUDED FROM ILLINOIS.—The Illinois State Constitutional Convention on the 6th discussed the article which prevents negroes and mulattoes from emigrating into that state, and prohibits them from exercising the right of suffrage, and requires the General Assembly to pass laws to carry out the provisions of the article.

The article was adopted by sections in Committee of the Whole. The report was then submitted to the Convention, and concurred in by a vote of 45 against 13.

☞ The body of a middling-sized man contains a pound of phosphorus, which, if in a free state, and inflamed, would burn him up and everything around him.—*Exchange.*

"Can't be," says the Hartford Times; "we know lots of old bachelors and antiquated maidens who haven't even phosphorus enough in 'em to make a *match*."

IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

His Policy on the Slavery Question.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—The President to-day remitted to Congress the following Message:—

Fellow citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:—I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by your honorable bodies which shall be substantially as follows:—

"*Resolved*, That the United States ought to co-operate with any state which may adopt the gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid to be used by such state in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system."

If the proposition contained in the resolution does not meet the approval of Congress and the country, there is the end; but if it does command such approval, I deem it of importance that the states and people immediately interested should be at once distinctly notified of the fact, so that they may begin to consider whether to accept or reject it. The Federal Government would find its highest interest in such a measure, as one of the most efficient means of self-preservation. The leaders of the existing insurrection entertain the hope that this Government will be forced to acknowledge the independence of some part of the disaffected region, and that all the slave states north of such parts will then say—The Union for which we have struggled being already gone, we now choose to go with the Southern section.

To deprive them of this hope substantially ends the rebellion, and the initiation of emancipation completely deprives them of it as to all the states initiating it. The point is not that all the states tolerating slavery would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipation; but that while the offer is equally made to all, the more Northern shall, by such initiation, make it certain to the more Southern that, in no event, will the former ever join the latter in their proposed confederacy. I say initiation, because, in my judgment, gradual and not sudden emancipation is better for all. In the mere financial or pecuniary view, any member of Congress, with the census tables and treasury reports before him, can readily see for himself how very soon the current expenditures of this war would purchase, at fair valuation, all the slaves in any named state.

Such a proposition on the part of the general Government sets up no claim of a right, by Federal authority, to interfere with slavery within the state limits, referring, as it does, the absolute control of the subject in each case to the state and its people immediately interested. It is proposed as a matter of perfectly free choice with them. In the annual Message, last December, I thought fit to say:—The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed. I said this not hastily, but deliberately. War has been made, and continues to be an indispensable means to this end. A practical re-acknowledgment of the national authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease.

If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency towards ending the struggle, must and will come. The proposition now made is an offer only. I hope it may be deemed no offence to ask whether the pecuniary consideration tendered would not be of more value to the states and private persons concerned, than are the institution and property in it, in the present aspect of affairs. While it is true that the adoption of the proposed resolution would be merely initiatory, and not within itself a practical measure, it is recommended in the hope that it would soon lead to important practical results. In full view of my great responsibility to my God and to my country, I earnestly beg the attention of Congress and the people to the subject.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The President's Message excited deep interest. It was evident that a document of such an important character was not generally anticipated. The reading was called for by Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, and on his motion, referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, in which it will be discussed.

OBJECT OF THE WAR.—Mr. Holman (Dem.), of Indiana, last week, offered a resolution in the House, declaring that, in the judgment of this House, the unfortunate civil war into which the Government of the United States has been forced by the treasonable attempt of Southern secessionists to destroy the Union should not be prosecuted for any other purpose than the restoration of the authority of the Constitution and welfare of the whole people of the United States, who are permanently involved in the preservation of our present form of government without modification or change.

Mr. Lovejoy (Rep.), of Illinois, moved to lay the resolution on the table. Carried—yeas 80, nays 68. The yeas were all Republicans but one, Cravens (Dem.)—the nays 22 Democrats, 23 "Union" men, and 13 Republicans.

TENNESSEE.—The rebels recently attempted to fortify "Pittsburg landing," on the Tennessee river, but were driven off by the gunboats. Nine dead bodies and one hundred wounded were found in their camp after the fight, the rebel force engaged having consisted of 1,000 infantry, 500 cavalry, and six pieces of artillery. An election held within a few days in Hardin and McNary counties, Southern Tennessee, shows in the former, five hundred out of the thousand votes cast for the Union candidate, and in the latter, two hundred Union majority out of one thousand eight hundred votes. Lieutenant Gwin says the cry of the people is, "send us arms and a sufficient force to protect us in our organization, and we will drive the rebels out of Tennessee ourselves."

SNOWING SNOW BALLS.—Not long since the citizens of Moultonboro', N. H., on rising in the morning, found the surface of the earth covered with balls of snow, from four to ten or twelve inches in diameter. They seemed to be perfect globes, and not more dense than the snow that had fallen previously in the night. On some portions of the earth there were thousands to the acre. A physician, who happened to be out in the shower, described it as a shower of snow balls coming from all points, as the wind seemed to be itself at times from all quarters. They rested upon the surface of the snow that had previously fallen in the night.

THE publication of Fremont's Report in the Tribune has raised a great storm, and the Committee on the Conduct of the War have summoned the correspondents of that paper to appear to-morrow to explain how it was obtained. The contents of the report have created an emeute in the Cabinet, and unless a satisfactory explanation can be given, the withdrawal of one of its members may be anticipated.—*Washington Correspondent.*

GEN. FREMONT'S DEFENCE.

A supplement of the New York Tribune contains a long defence of Gen. John C. Fremont against the charges of the Committee on the Conduct of the War. It fills five pages. The General states that he has only answered the leading points brought forward, as he did not desire to cumber his defence with merely personal debates. He says:

"When, in July last, I was assigned to the command of the Western Department, it comprehended, with Illinois, all the States and Territories west of the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico.

"No special object was given me in charge to do, nor was I furnished with any particular plan of a campaign. The general discussions at Washington resulted in the understanding that the great object in view was a descent of the Mississippi, and for its accomplishment I was to raise and organize an army, and when I was ready to descend the river, I was to let the President know. My command was then to be extended over Kentucky and down the left bank of the Mississippi. For military reasons, it was judged inexpedient to do so in the beginning.

"Full discretionary powers of the ample kind were conferred on me. Not a line of written instructions was given me. The leading objects of the campaign being settled, the details of its accomplishment and the management of my department were left to my own judgment.

"While at Washington I informed myself fully of the unprepared condition of the West, and its want of arms, from the Governor of Illinois."

The General then goes on to show that from the utterly unprepared condition of the Western loyal troops, from the threatening aspect of the rebellion, from the want of any kind of artillery or fortifications, and from the raw condition of the Federal levies, he was forced to buy arms, to erect fortifications, and to oversee the gigantic field of operations from Cairo to the Rocky Mountains.

The emergency, Gen. F. thinks, justified him in taking $300,000 from the U. S. Assistant Treasurer at St. Louis, and a dispatch from Hon. M. Blair shows that he acted with his concurrence, for Mr. Blair says: "You will have to do the best you can, and take all needful responsibility." In reference to Gen. Lyon, Gen. Fremont says, that his defeat at Springfield does not lie at his door. Had Gen. Lyon been able to adhere to his (Gen. Lyon's) own programme before that battle, the defeat would not have occurred. About Col. Mulligan's defeat at Lexington, Gen. F. says that Gen. Cameron was calling on him for 5,000 troops to go to Washington, and the danger of Cairo required other thousands of soldiers from his department, so that he could not do everything in the world at once. However, the General says:

"On the 14th, Gen. Sturgis was directed to move, with all practicable speed, upon Lexington. Gen. Pope's dispatch, of the 16th, gave me every reason to believe, as he did, that a reinforcement of 4,000 men, with artillery, would be there in abundant time, and, if the committee will take the time to read the accompanying papers, it will be seen that, from every disposable quarter where there were troops, the promptest efforts were made to concentrate them on Lexington, but chance defeated these efforts."

In regard to the contracts for mortars, &c., Gen. Fremont gives an extract from a letter from Hon. M. Blair, urging him to buy mortars. So far as the other contracts were concerned, he disclaims any "jobbing," and boldly justifies them from the necessities of the case. In closing his introduction to the testimony, Gen. Fremont says:

"It is not grateful to me to have been myself compelled to set out the merits of my administration; but it was necessary in order to call attention to points, which otherwise might not have been presented, and which are necessary to a clear understanding of the subjects inquired into. Many acts which have been censured, were, I think, for the public good. I know they were with that intention. I do not feel that in any case I overstepped the authority intended to be confided to me.

"Myself, and the officers and men acting with me, were actuated solely by a desire to serve the country, and I feel assured that this is realized by the people of the West, among whom we were acting."

The accompanying dispatches, letters, and documents are very voluminous, and one rather frank and amusing. We quote the most interesting of the immense mass of them.

DOCUMENTS.

Fremont's defence as to the defeat of Lyon, is conclusive. Lyon's own letters, principally to the authorities at Washington, are given as follows. His death occurred in the battle at Springfield, on the 10th of August:—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF WEST,
SPRINGFIELD, MO., July 17, 1861.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of special order No. 112, from Headquarters, under date of July 5, directing the removal from the Department of the West of Companies B, C, F, G, and H, 2d Infantry, and of Capt. Sweeny, now acting Brigadier-General by election of volunteers. The communication reached me yesterday at this place.

I have been drawn to this point by the movements of the rebel forces in this state, and have accumulated such troops as I could make available, including those in Kansas—My aggregate is between 7,000 and 8,000 men, more than half of whom are three months' volunteers, some of whose term of enlistment has just expired; others will claim a discharge within a week or two; and the dissolution of my forces from this necessity, already commenced, will leave me less than 4,000 men, including Companies B and E, 2d Infantry, now with me. In my immediate vicinity it is currently reported there are 30,000 troops and upward, whose number is constantly augmenting, and who are diligently accumulating arms and stores. They are making frequent lawless and hostile demonstrations, and threaten me with attack. The evils consequent upon the withdrawal of any portion of my force will be apparent; loyal citizens will be unprotected, repressed treason will assume alarming boldness, and positive defeat to my troops in battle will peril the continued ascendancy of the Federal power here, not only in the state, but in the whole West. If the interests of the Government are to be sustained here, and in fact in the whole Valley of the Mississippi, large bodies of troops should be sent forward to this state, instead of being withdrawn from it, till by concentration there may be ability to overpower any force that can be gathered in the West to act against the Government. Troops properly belonging to the Valley of the Mississippi from Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, have already been withdrawn to the East. The moral effect of the presence of the few regulars in my command is doubtless the main consideration that holds the enemy in check, and with them I may be able to retain what has already been achieved until I am strengthened; but any diminution will be imminently hazardous.

The volunteers with me have yet had no pay for their services, and their duties have been arduous. Their clothing has become dilapidated, and as a body they are dispirited. But for these facts they would probably nearly all have re-enlisted. I have no regular officers of the Pay Department, nor the Commissary and Quartermaster; the affairs of both the last are consequently indifferently administered, from want of experience. Nothing but the immense interests at stake could ever have induced me to undertake the great work in which I am engaged, under such discouraging circumstances. In this state of affairs, presumed to have been unknown when the order was issued, I have felt justified in delaying its execution for further instruction, so far as the companies with me are concerned.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
N. LYON,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

To Lieut. Col. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General, &c.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., July 17, 1861.

COL. HARDING, St. Louis Arsenal, Mo.

SIR: I enclose you a copy of a letter to Col. Townsend on the subject of an order from Gen. Scott, which calls for five companies of the 2d Infantry to be withdrawn from the West, and sent to Washington. A previous order withdrawes the mounted troops, as I am informed, and were it not that some of them were en route to this place, they would now be in Washington. This order carried out would not now leave at Fort Leavenworth a single company. I have companies B and E 2d Infantry, now under orders for Washington, and if all these troops leave me I can do nothing, and must retire in the absence of other troops to supply their places. In fact, I am badly enough off at the best, and must utterly fail if my regulars all go. At Washington, troops from all the Northern, Middle, and Eastern states are available for the support of the army in Virginia, and more are understood to be already there than are wanted, and it seems strange that so many troops must go on from the West, and strip us of the means of defence; but if it is the intention to give up the West, let it be so. It can only be the victim of imbecility or malice. Scott will cripple us if he can. Cannot you stir up this matter, and secure us relief? See Fremont, if he has arrived. The want of supplies has crippled me so that I cannot move, and I do not know when I can. Everything seems to combine against me at this point. Stir up Blair. Yours truly,

N. LYON, Commanding.

WASHINGTON, July 26, 1861.

DEAR GENERAL: I have two telegrams from you, but find it impossible now to get any attention to Missouri or Western matters from the authorities here. You will have to do the best you can, and take all needful responsibility to defend and protect the people over whom you are specially set. Yours truly, and in haste, M. BLAIR.

(To Gen. Fremont.)

SPRINGFIELD, MO., July 27, 1861.

To Col. C. HARDING, St. Louis Arsenal, Mo.

DEAR SIR: I have your notes about matters in St. Louis, &c., and your proceeding seems to me perfectly correct. Now that matters North seem more quiet, cannot you manage to get a few regiments this way? I am in the deepest concern on this subject, and you must urge this matter upon Fremont, as of vital importance. These three months' volunteers will re-enlist if they could be paid, but they are now dissatisfied, and if troops do not replace them, all that is gained may be lost. I have not been able to move for want of supplies, and this delay will exhaust the term of the three months' men. Cannot something be done to have our men and officers paid, as well as have our purchases paid for. If the government cannot give due attention to the West, her interests must have a corresponding disparagement. Yours truly,

N. LYON, Brigadier-General Commanding.

Memorandum by Col. Phelps, from Gen. Lyon to Gen. Fremont, July 27.

See Gen. Fremont about troops and stores for the place. Our men have not been paid, and are rather dispirited; they are badly off for clothing, and the want of shoes unfits them for marching. Some staff officers are badly needed, and the interests of the government suffer for the want of them. The time of the three months' volunteers is nearly out, and on returning home, as most of them are disposed to, my command will be reduced too low for effective operations. Troops must at once be forwarded to supply their place. The safety of the state is hazarded; orders from Gen. Scott strip the entire West of regular forces, and increase the chances of sacrificing it. The public press is full of reports that troops from other states are moving towards the northern border of Arkansas, for the purpose of invading Missouri.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., Aug. 9, 1861.

GENERAL: I have just received your note of the 6th inst., by special messenger.

I retired to this place, as I have before informed you, reaching here on the 5th. The enemy followed to within ten miles of here. He has taken a strong position, and is recruiting his supplies of horses, mules, and provisions by forages into the surrounding country; his large force of mounted men enabling him to do this without much annoyance from me.

I find my position extremely embarrassing, and am at present unable to determine whether I shall be able to maintain my ground or forced to retire. I can resist any attack from the front, but if the enemy move to surround me I must retire. I shall hold my ground as long as possible, though I may, without knowing how far, endanger the safety of my entire force, with its valuable material, being induced, by the important considerations, involved, to take this step. The enemy yesterday made a show of force about five miles distant, and has doubtless a full purpose of making an attack upon me.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
N. LYON, Brig. Gen. of Vols. Commanding.
Major-General J. C. Fremont, Commanding Western Department, St. Louis, Mo.

Upon the 10th of August Gen. Lyon was killed in battle. His conclusion to give battle seems to have been decided upon shortly after indicting the above letter, which evidently contemplated a retreat.

The following notes written at later dates, are inserted here as referring to the affair at Wilson's Creek:

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
ST. LOUIS, Sept. 17, 1861.

CAPTAIN: The General directs me to say to you that Major Farrar, late of Gen. Lyon's Staff, states publicly in the city that he came to these Headquarters and applied for reinforcements for Gen. Lyon; that the reinforcements were refused, and that from the manner of refusal the intention was to leave Gen. Lyon to his fate. What are the facts in the case? Respectfully, J. H. EATON,
Major U. S. Army, and M. S.
Capt. J. C. Kelton, A. A. G.

To which Capt. Kelton replied as follows:—

SEPTEMBER 21, 1861.

MAJOR: Your note was not read till this moment. I have no recollection of Major Farrar bringing application for reinforcements to Gen. Lyon. That every effort was made to send Gen. Lyon additional troops, after the arrival of Gen. Fremont, I do know. It was found impossible to do so and keep open the railroad communication extending toward Springfield, and at the same time to meet the threatened advance up the Mississippi. I do not know anything of the manner in which the refusal to send reinforcements was made. I can only recall, now, Maj. Farrar in connection with his application to me for a pass over the Pacific Railroad for his horses, which I declined after the Quartermaster had informed me it could not be authorized. If I had any conversation with Maj. Farrar on the subject to which your note alludes, it has escaped me entirely. Very respectfully,

JNO. C. KELTON,
Late A. A. G., Col. 9th Reg. M. V.

The following is an extract from a statement voluntarily drawn up and offered to Gen. Fremont, by Col. Chester Harding, Assistant Adjutant-General to Gen. Lyon:—

PACIFIC, Oct. 5, 1861.

* * * * Looking, then, to the position of affairs in this state on the 28th July, 1861, it will be found that Gen. Lyon was in the south-west, in need of reinforcements. There was trouble in the north-west, requiring more troops than were there. In the north-east there were no more troops than were required to perform the task allotted to them, while in the south and south-east there was a rebel army of sufficient force to endanger Bird's Point, Cape Girardeau, Ironton, Rolla, and St. Louis, and no adequate preparation was made to meet it.

Gen. Fremont sent the 8th Missouri to Cape Girardeau, and the 4th U. S. Reserve Corps (whose term of service was to expire on the 8th August,) to reinforce Bland at Ironton. He took some of Gen. Pope's force from him, added to it two battalions of the 1st and 2nd U. S. Reserve Corps (whose term of service was to expire on the 7th August,) equipped Buel's light battery, and started about the 1st August for Bird's Point, with the troops thus collected, being something less than 3,800 men, and being also all the available troops in this region, expecting to find an enemy not less than 20,000 strong.

Subsequent events showed that the rebel force was not overestimated, and nothing but the reinforcements sent to the points above named and the expedition down the river prevented its advance upon them. Common report greatly magnified these reinforcements; and it was generally believed in the city, and no doubt so reported to the rebel leaders, that Fremont had moved some 10,000 or 12,000 troops to the south-east, while in fact he did not have over 5,500 to move, and was not strong enough at any point to take the field and commence offensive operations.

Gen. Fremont *was not* inattentive to the situation of Gen. Lyon's column, and went so far as to remove the garrison of Booneville, in order to send him aid. During the first days of August troops arrived in the city in large numbers. Nearly all of them were unarmed; all were without transportation. Regiment after regiment laid for days in the city without any equipments, for the reason that the arsenal was exhausted, and arms and accoutrements had to be brought from the east. From these men Gen. Lyon would have had reinforcements, although they were wholly unpractised in the use of the musket and knew nothing of movements in the field; but in the meantime the battle of the 10th of August was fought.

CHESTER HARDING, JR.,
Late Assistant Adjutant-General upon the Staff of Brigadier-General Lyon.

LETTER FROM MR. BLAIR, OF THE CABINET—MR. LINCOLN OF THE "WHIG SCHOOL."

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24, 1861.

DEAR GENERAL: Don't suppose that I don't attend to your matters, and do all that I can to forward them, because I do not write frequently. I am to be interrupted if I take up a pen, by people that have the run of my office or house, and so I keep out of both, and go after your business in person, and effect it if I can.

I write now, to-day, in reply to your letter about Meigs, that you must not suppose that he intended by his telegram to Turnley to reflect upon you. Far from it. I happened in his office when he opened Turnley's requisition, and remarked to me, substantially, what he telegraphed to Turnley. But he did not know that Turnley had any instructions from you to get horses of any superior quality. No such suggestion accompanied the requisition, and I will guarantee that if Turnley makes any explanation, which puts the responsibility on you, it will be satisfactory to Meigs.

I say this without having seen him at all since the receipt of yours on the subject; but I think I understand him fully. I heard him say to Gen. Scott some time ago, that if he would name a day when he must have horses they should be ready. "If next week, they would cost $150; if the week after, $125. The price was nothing. A horse might be worth the price many times to the Government, if ready when wanted, and of course of no value if not. This is the style of man he is, and you will have, and I believe have not had any delay or difficulty from him. The trouble is elsewhere. Chase has more horror of seeing Treasury notes below par than of seeing soldiers killed, and therefore has held back too much, I think. I don't believe at all in that style of managing the Treasury. It depends on the war, and it is better to get ready and beat the enemy by selling stocks at 50 per cent. discount, than wait to negotiate and lose a battle. I have got you a splendid officer for your Navy department, and guns. He will be en route for you in a day or two, when he will be posted up and call for what you want. You will have credit at the Navy Department, when you get him under you.

I showed the President Billing's letter, and read him yours about Adams. He said that you were right in saying that Adams was devoted to his money-bags.

Schuyler had already gone to Europe about arms when I wrote and telegraphed you, and your letter in reply was handed to Mr. Seward, to be forwarded to him. I suppose it would put him in relation with Bufings, which would bring about your wishes. If I had known when you were here what you communicated to my father, I think from my knowledge of Meigs, with your endorsement, I could have turned the whole matter over to him. At the same time, you must not expect too much of me in the Cabinet. I have, as you know, very little influence, and even now, when the policy I have advocated from the first is being inaugurated, it does not seem to bring me any great power over the Administration. This, I can see, is partly my own fault. I have been too obliging, perhaps, in my opposition, and men do not like those who have exposed their mistakes beforehand, and taunt them with them afterward. The main difficulty is, however, with Lincoln himself. He is of the Whig school, and that brings him naturally not only to incline to the feeble policy of Whigs, but to give his confidence to such advisers. It costs me a great deal of labor to get anything done because of the inclination of mind on the part of the President or leading members of the Cabinet, including Chase, who never voted a Democratic ticket in his life. But you have the people at your back, and I am doing all I can to cut red-tape and get things done. I will be more civil and patient than heretofore, and see if that won't work.

Yours, truly, M. BLAIR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER TO FREMONT RELATIVE TO HIS PROCLAMATION.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 2, 1861.

[Private.] To Major-Gen. Fremont.

MY DEAR SIR: Two points in your proclamation of Aug. 30 give me some anxiety.

First: Should you shoot a man, according to the proclamation, the Confederates would very certainly shoot our best men in their hands, in retaliation; and so, man for man, indefinitely. It is, therefore, my order that you allow no man to be shot, under the proclamation, without first having my approbation or consent.

Second: I think there is great danger that the closing paragraph, in relation to the confiscation of property, and the liberating slaves of traitorous owners, will alarm our Southern Union friends, and turn them against us—perhaps ruin our rather fair prospect for Kentucky. Allow me, therefore, to ask that you will, as of your own motion, modify that paragraph so as to conform to the *first* and *fourth* sections of the Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to Confiscate Property Used for Insurrectionary Purposes," approved Aug. 6, 1861, and a copy of which act I herewith send you. This letter is written in a spirit of caution, and not of censure. I send it by a special messenger, in order that it may certainly and speedily reach you.

Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN.

EXTRACT FROM FREMONT'S REPLY.

This is as much a movement in the war as a battle, and in going into these I shall have to act according to my judgment of the ground before me, as I did on this occasion. If, upon reflection, your better judgment still decides that I am wrong in the article respecting the liberation of slaves, I have to ask that you will openly direct me to make the correction. The implied censure will be received as a soldier always should the reprimand of his chief. If I were to retract of my own accord it would imply that I myself thought it wrong, and that I had acted without the reflection which the gravity of the point demanded. But I did not. I acted with full deliberation, and upon the certain conviction that it was a measure right and necessary—and I think so still.

In regard to the other point of the proclamation to which you refer, I desire to say that I do not think the enemy can either misconstrue or urge anything against it, or undertake to make unusual retaliation. The shooting of men who shall rise in arms against an army in the military occupation of a country is merely a necessary measure of defence, and entirely according to the usages of civilized warfare. The article does not at all refer to prisoners of war, and certainly our enemies have no ground for requiring that we should waive in their benefit any of the ordinary advantages which the usages of war allow us. As promptitude is itself an advantage of war, I have also to ask that you will permit me to carry out upon the spot the provisions of the proclamation in this respect. Looking at affairs from this point of view, I am satisfied that strong and vigorous measures have now become necessary to the success of our arms; and hoping that my views may have the honor to meet your approval, I am, with respect and regard,

Very truly yours,
J. C. FREMONT.

THE TAX BILL.

The following is an abstract of the Tax Bill as reported to the House on the 3d:—

It provides for the appointment, by the President, of a Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with a salary of five thousand dollars. His office is to be in the Treasury Department, with a suitable number of clerks. The country is to be divided, as the President may direct, into convenient collection districts, with an Assessor and Collector to be appointed by the President for each district, who shall have power to appoint such Deputies as may be necessary. The bill provides for a duty

On spirituous liquors	15 cents per gallon.
On ale and beer	$1 per barrel.
On stem and leaf tobacco	3 cents per pound.
Do. to add when manufactured	5 cents.
On segars	5, 10 and 20 cents per pound, (according to value).
On lard and linseed oil, burning fluid and crude coal oil	5 cents per gallon.
On refined coal oil	10 cents per gallon.
On gas per 1000 cubic feet	25 cents.
On Bank Note Paper	5 cents per pound.
On Writing Paper	2 " "
On Printing Paper	3 mills "
On Soap	5 " "
On Salt	4 cents per 100 pounds.
On Sole Leather	1 cent per pound.
On Upper Leather	½ " "
On Flour	10 cents per barrel.

All other manufactures, 3 per cent. ad valorem.
Railroad passengers, 2 mills per mile of travel.
Commutation tickets 3 per cent.
Steamboat travel, 1 mill per mile.
Omnibuses, Ferry boats and Horse Railroads, 3 per cent. on gross receipts from passengers.
On advertisements, 5 per cent. on amount of receipts annually.
For use of carriages, annually, from $1 to $10, according to value.

On Gold Watches	$1 per annum.
On Silver Watches	50 cts. "
On Gold Plate	50c. per ounce.
On Silver Plate	3c. "
On Billiard Tables	$20.
On Slaughtered Cattle	50 cents each.
On Hogs	10 " "
On Sheep	5 " "
On Licenses—Bankers	$100
Auctioneers	50
Wholesale Dealers	50
Retail Dealers in Liquors	20
Retail Dealers in Goods	10
Pawnbrokers	50
Rectifiers	100
Brewers	50
Hotels, Inns and Taverns, (graduated according to rental)	from $5 to 200
Eating Houses	10
Commercial Brokers	50
Other Brokers	20
Theatres	100
Circuses	50
Bowling Alleys (each alley)	5
Wholesale Peddlers	50
Other Peddlers	$5 to 20
Coal Oil Distillers, &c.	20

On Incomes, 3 per cent. on all over $600, deducting the income derived from dividends, &c., which are taxed separately.
On Railroad Bonds and Dividends of Banks and Saving Institutions 3 per cent.
On payment of all salaries of Officers in the Civil, Military and Naval service of the United States, (including Members of Congress) 3 per cent.
On Legacies and Distribution Shares of the personal property of deceased persons, (according to the degrees of relationship) from 1 to 5 per cent.

And Stamp Duties on all kinds of legal and Commercial papers, all Patent Medicines, Telegraphic Messages and all goods by Expresses.

The Tax Bill contains one hundred and five sections, and is one of the longest of any kind ever before prepared—months of preparation having been bestowed upon it.

☞ A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ah," said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and water."

LATEST NEWS.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

THE REBEL STEAMERS MERRIMAC, JAMESTOWN AND YORKTOWN ATTACK THE FLEET.

U. S. SLOOP OF WAR CUMBERLAND SUNK, AND THE CONGRESS CAPTURED.

The Monitor Drives the Rebels Back.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—The government has received information from Fortress Monroe that, yesterday, the iron-clad steamer Merrimac and the gunboats Jamestown and Yorktown attacked our fleet, and sunk the U. S. sloop-of-war Cumberland, and took the Congress. The U. S. steamer Minnesota was aground when the Fortress Monroe boat left.

THE REBEL ATTACK UPON THE U. S. FLEET.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 8.—The dullness of Old Point was startled at 10 o'clock to-day by the announcement that a mysterious vessel, supposed to be the rebel steamer Merrimac, and looking like a submerged house, with the roof only above water, was moving down from Norfolk by the channel in front of Sewall's Point. Signal guns were also fired by the U. S. sloop-of-war Cumberland and the frigate Congress to notify the Minnesota, St. Lawrence and Roanoke, of the approaching danger, and all was excitement in and about Fortress Monroe.

There was nothing protruding above the water but the flag-staff, flying the rebel flag, and a short smoke stack. She came along slowly, and, turning into the channel leading to Newport News, steered direct for the Cumberland and Congress, which were lying at the mouth of the James River. As soon as the Merrimac came within range of the Cumberland the latter opened on her with her heavy guns, but the balls struck and glanced off, having no more effect on her than peas from a pop-gun. Her ports were all closed, and she moved on in silence, but with a full head of steam.

In the meantime, as the Merrimac was approaching the two frigates on the one side, the iron-clad steamers Yorktown and Jamestown came down the James river and engaged our frigates on the other side. The batteries at Newport News also opened on the Jamestown and Yorktown, and did all in their power to assist the Cumberland and Congress, which being sailing vessels, were at the mercy of the approaching steamers.

The Merrimac in the meantime kept steadily on her course, and slowly approached the Cumberland, when the latter, as well as the Congress, at the distance of about one hundred yards, rained full broadsides on the iron-clad monster. The shots took no effect, glancing upwards and flying off, having only the effect of checking her progress for a moment.

After receiving the first broadsides of the frigates she ran into the Cumberland, striking her about midships and literally laying open her side. She then drew off, fired a broadside into the disabled ship and again dashed against her with her ironclad prow and knocking in her side, left her to sink, while she engaged the Congress, which lay about a quarter of a mile distant.

The Congress had, in the meantime, kept up a sharp engagement with the Yorktown and Jamestown, but having no regular crew on board of her, and seeing the hopelessness of resisting the iron clad steamers, at once struck her colors. Her crew had been discharged several days since, and three companies of the Naval Brigade had been put on board temporarily until she could be relieved by the St. Lawrence, which was to have gone up on Monday, to take her position as one of the blockading vessels at the James river.

On the Congress striking her colors the Jamestown approached and took from on board all the officers as prisoners, but allowed the crew to escape in the boats. The vessel being thus cleared it was fired by the rebels, when the Merrimac and her two iron-clad companions opened with shell and shot on the Newport News batteries. The firing was briskly returned. Various reports have been received, principally from frightened sutlers' clerks. Some of them represent that the garrison had been compelled to retreat from the batteries to the woods. Another report is that the two smaller rebel steamers had been compelled to retreat from the guns of the batteries.

In the meantime, the steam frigate Minnesota, having partly got up steam, was being towed up to the relief of the two frigates, but did not get up until too late to assist them. She was also followed by the frigate St. Lawrence, which was taken in tow by several of the small harbor steamers. It is, however, rumored that neither of these vessels had pilots on board them, and after a short engagement both seemed to be, in the opinion of the pilots on the point, aground.

The Minnesota, either intentionally or from necessity, engaged the three rebel steamers at about a mile distance, with only her two bow guns. The St. Lawrence also poured in shot from all her guns she could bring to bear, and it was the impression of the most experienced naval officers on the point, that both had been considerably damaged.

These statements, it must be borne in mind, are all based on what could be seen by the glass at a distance of nearly eight miles, and by a few panic stricken non combatants, who fled at nearly the first gun from Newport News.

In the meantime darkness approached, though the moon shone but brightly, and nothing but the occasional flashing of guns could be seen. The Merrimac was also believed to be aground, as she remained stationary at the distance of about a mile from the Minnesota, making no attempt to attack or molest her.

Fears were of course entertained for the safety of the Minnesota and St. Lawrence, in such an unequal contest, but if the Merrimac was really ashore she could do no further harm to them. It was the intention of the Minnesota with her picked and gallant crew to have run into close quarters with the Merrimac, avoid her iron prow and board her. This the Merrimac seemed not inclined to give her an opportunity to do, being afraid to approach her at close quarters when aground.

At eight o'clock, when the Baltimore boat left, a fleet of steam tugs was being sent up to the relief of the Minnesota and St. Lawrence, and an endeavor was to be made to draw them off from the bar, on which they had grounded. The firing had been suspended, whether from mutual consent or necessity could not be ascertained.

OFFICIAL DISPATCHES FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—The following dispatch was to-night received by Major Gen. McClellan from Gen. Wool:—

"FORTRESS MONROE, March 9—6 o'clock, P. M.—Two hours after my telegraphic dispatch to the Secretary of War, last evening, the steamer Monitor arrived. She immediately went to the assistance of the Minnesota, which was aground and continued to fire a few minutes since. Early this morning she was attacked by the Merrimac, Jamestown, and Yorktown. After a five hours' contest, they were driven off, and the Merrimac is in a sinking condition. She was towed by the Jamestown, Yorktown, and several smaller boats towards Norfolk, no doubt for the purpose, if possible, to get her in the dry-dock for repairs.

"The Minnesota is afloat, and being towed towards Fortress Monroe."

[The Monitor is the Ericsson Iron-Clad Battery recently finished at New York.]

DISPATCH TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 9—6.45 P. M.—To G. Welles, Secretary of the Navy:—The steamer Monitor arrived at 10 o'clock P. M. last night, and went immediately to the protection of Minnesota, laying aground just below Newport News. At 7 o'clock A. M. the Merrimac, accompanied by two wooden steamers and several tugs, stood out towards the Minnesota and opened fire.

The Monitor met them at once, and opened her fire, when all the enemy's vessels retired excepting the Merrimac. These two iron-clad vessels fought, part of the time touching each other, from 8 o'clock A. M. till noon, when the Merrimac retired. Whether she is injured or not it is impossible to say. Lieut. J. S. Worden, who commanded the Monitor, handled her with great skill, assisted by Chief Engineer Stemers. Lieut. Worden was injured by the cement from the pilot house being driven into his eyes, but I trust not seriously.

The Minnesota kept up a continuous fire, and is herself somewhat injured. She was moved considerably to-day, and will probably be off to-night. The Monitor is uninjured and ready at any moment to repel another attack.

(Signed) G. V. FOX,
Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

THE CREW OF THE CUMBERLAND—REPORTS OF THE LOSS OF LIFE.

NEW YORK, March 9.—A special report from Fortress Monroe to the Tribune states that the Cumberland had a crew of 500 men, nearly half of whom went down with her, but a negro states that some of the crew who swam ashore give the number at one hundred. The guns of the Congress, after her capture, were turned on our batteries at Newport News.

Gen. Wool sent two regiments of infantry, six companies of cavalry and the Mounted Rifles by land to Newport News to support Gen. Mansfield in case of an attack.

LATER.—The Merrimac was forced to retire, with a large hole in her side. No injury was done to the Monitor or her crew except the wounding of Capt. Worden, while looking out the wheel house. A rebel gunboat was cut in two. The Minnesota (Union) is all safe. The U. S. gun-boat Oregon was blown up—the Congress set on fire—and the Zouave injured. Loss of life not yet known.

CAPTURE OF LEESBURG.

Rebel Batteries on the Potomac Abandoned.

BURNSIDE MOVING ON NORFOLK.

MURFREESBORO' OCCUPIED.

LEESBURG, VA., March 8.—Col. Geary has taken Leesburg, and driven Gen. Hill, with his whole command, from the town and surrounding forts.

The stars and stripes now wave over all the hills.

The rebels fell back toward Middlebury last night. Col. Geary left Lovettsville with his command, and marched through Wheatland and Waterford, taking prisoners at both places, and putting the scattered forces of the enemy to flight.

Shortly after sunrise this morning he took possession of Fort Johnson, which was re-christened by the officers Fort Geary. He then entered the town with flags flying and bayonets fixed.

The rebel troops, who had considered this as one of their greatest strongholds, could be discerned, through a glass, in full retreat.

The command took many prisoners, and a quantity of army stores, and are in possession of the bank, post-office, and other public buildings.

Forts Beauregard and Evans are also taken.

THE OCCUPATION OF LEESBURG CONFIRMED.—CHARLESTOWN, VA., March 9.—The report that the U. S. troops had occupied Leesburg is officially confirmed. The rebels evacuated the town on Friday morning, taking all their baggage and supplies to Middleburg, but it is not known whether the troops retired thither or started towards Winchester.

A SCOUT WITHIN FOUR MILES OF WINCHESTER—SKIRMISHES WITH THE REBELS—CHARLESTOWN, VA, March 9.—On Friday, Capt. Cole's company of Maryland cavalry, 40 in number, pursued a scout of the Ashby cavalry for two miles, between Bunker's Hill and Winchester, when he came upon about 140 of the latter. A skirmish ensued, lasting an hour, resulting in the killing of six of Ashby's men, and wounding five. Capt. Cole had three men wounded. A section of Matthew's Battery came up to Cole's support, when Adjutant Wilkins, of Gen. Williams's staff, had his horse shot under him.

Capt. Cole's scouts last night reached a point only four miles from Winchester, but encountered no resistance, except from a small cavalry picket.

FORTRESS MONROE, March, 7.—The flag of truce from Norfolk brought down the commandant of the French steamer. He represents that great excitement exists in Norfolk. The people dread the destruction of the city in case of an attack.

A strong force is concentrating at Suffolk to check Gen. Burnside, who was reported to have occupied Winton in force and to be moving on Norfolk.

The reason given by the rebels for not returning Col. Corcoran is that maps and drawings have been found concealed on his person.

At Richmond, the German Turners have been arrested for being Union men.

A dispatch from Atlanta, Ga., says that the U. S. troops had occupied Murfreesboro', Tenn., and that Gen. A. S. Johnston had retreated to Decatur, Ala.

THE STARS AND STRIPES WAVING OVER THE COCKPIT POINT BATTERY—THE REBEL STEAMER PAGE BURNED.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—The stars and stripes are now waving over Cockpit point, on the Lower Potomac.

About two o'clock this afternoon the rebels commenced to fire their tents and other property difficult of removal. They also burned the steamer Page, and all the other craft in the creek.

Our gunboats opened fire on the Cockpit battery about three o'clock P. M., and at half-past four landed, and ran up the glorious old flag.

THE REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC ABANDONED.—WASHINGTON, MARCH 9.—Gen. Hooker reports that all the rebel batteries in front of his line are entirely abandoned and their guns spiked. Some of the guns of which we have taken possession appear to be valuable pieces. This is virtually opening the Potomac and raising the so-called block ade.

THE army of the Potomac has been divided into five *corps d'armee*, under Generals McDowell, Sumner, Heintzelman, Keyes, and Banks. Each corps comprises three or four divisions.

IO TRIUMPHE!

BY ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.

Now let us raise a song of praise, like Miriam's
song of old—
A song of praise to God the Lord, for blessings
manifold!
He liftath up, he casteth down: he bindeth,
maketh free:
He sendeth grace to bear defeat; he giveth vic-
tory!
Fling out, fling out the Holy flag broad in the
swelling air!
Its stars renew their morning song. All hail the
symbol fair!
For what the fathers did of yore, the sons have
learned to do;
And the old legends, half believed, are proven by
the new.

The East and West have shaken hands, twin-
brained and twin at heart;
In the red laurels either wins, each has a brother's
part.
Oh, hear ye how from Somerset the voice of
triumph calls!
Hear how the echoes take it up on Henry's con-
quered walls!
And wilder yet the thrilling cry: Fort Donelson
is ours!
Like chaff before the roaring North fly fast the
rebel powers.
New Orleans sees her doom afar, and lifts a
palsied arm,
And haughty Richmond's drunken streets are
sobered with alarm.

Up Carolina's frantic shore the tide rolls black
and dire;
The thunder's voice is in its heart, its crest
avenging fire!
Proud Charleston trembles in her sin, Savannah
bows her head,
And Norfolk feels the firm earth shake beneath
the Northmen's tread.
On inland slopes and by the sea are wreck and
flying foe;
And fresh in that unwonted air the flowers of
freedom blow!

Then honor, under God, to those, the noble men
who plan,
And unto those of fiery mould who flame in
battle's van!
For, oh, the land is safe, is safe: it rallies from
the shock!
Ring round, ring round, ye liberty bells, till every
steeple rock!
Loud let the cannon's voice be heard! Hang all
your banners out!
Lift up in your exultant streets the nation's
triumph-shout!
Let trumpets bray and wild drums beat; let
maidens scatter flowers!
The sun bursts through the battle smoke.
Hurrah, the day is ours!

—Boston Daily Advertiser.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

FROM "TEMPLE BAR."

France, though she has a more wholesome domestic life than we allow to her here in England, has but a queer mode of entering on it. French marriages are certainly wonderful things. One French mother has a son, another French mother has a daughter. Says the mother of the son to her of the daughter, "Madame, I have a son with so many francs a year present possession, and with so many more to come when his father shall be deceased. How much can you give your daughter, and will she suit my son?"

If she will suit him,—that is, if her marriage-portion fulfills his parent's requirements, if births are pretty nearly equal, and there is no special scandal or disease recorded against the family,—a bargain is entered on by the mothers, and ultimately brought to a conclusion, the respective fathers merely agreeing to the wives' arrangements; for the marrying of her children is regarded as part of the woman's family duties and maternal functions, and a right-minded Frenchman would as soon think of interfering with her milliner, as of making any opposition to her choice of sons or daughters-in-law. When all is concluded, the young girl is taken from her convent, where she has been brought up in profound ignorance of the truths of human life, introduced to her betrothed, and suffered to see him perhaps twice or thrice in presence of her parents, but not oftener; never alone, and never with free speech, or the possibility of becoming acquainted together. And then she is married—sent with a stranger into the most holy asylum of human life—and bidden to make the best of it. If she does *not* make the best of it—if she finds that her circumstances do not harmonize with her needs, and that nature is more imperious than social laws—she soon finds a lover; for she never lacks the offer or the power; but takes care to manage discreetly, and never betrays herself to the world, or causes scandal. For the lover who is only understood, not expressed, French society has an infinitude of tolerance; but for him who is openly adopted, there are no pitfalls too deep, no stings too sharp, no contumely too severe—at least for the peccant wife. And we can easily understand why. The fact is only according to the weakness of human nature, seeing on what bases the marriage has been constructed; but the confession is against the laws of society and the well-being of the family, to maintain which in its social integrity, the whole energies of French intellect are directed. If such things were tolerated, would not the children suffer, and all society be threatened with universal cataclysm?

No. French wives may have lovers, if the husband's slippers are not openly displaced by the spurs jangling in the antechamber; but they must not love, if love involves union, truth, confession, or the sacrifice of one inch of the velvet bordering of life. This is the one weak place in French homes, at least in most homes of pretension: but while wedding-rings are not welded by love, what wonder that there are flaws and seams and cracks in the casting?

Marriage in France is founded on the assumption that it is girl-nature to love where it is bidden, and especially the first man with whom it stands in the relation of a lover or husband,—on the principle of making the fit social and pecuniary establishment of the family of more importance than the satisfaction of romantic feelings,—and as the necessary consequence of the manner in which girls are educated. Such a mode would be impossible were women more freely and generously nurtured: it can only exist as the consequence of the convent. Whether it is rational or healthy to bring up girls in such strict seclusion, out of sight and hearing of the outside world, so that they shall be but blank sheets of paper on which their parents may write what name they like, may well be questioned. But no true French mother would tolerate the question, and no true Frenchman entertain the answer. The maiden, the *ingenue*, is the ideal of French life, as the wife is the ideal of the English home. The innocent stupidity of the one counts as perfection there,—the honest fidelity of the other is perfection here. As yet it has not been found possible to unite the two, when dealing with large masses, and human pity holds too just a balance between weakness and its punishment, not to forgive the revenge which women take when placed under a law too hard to be obeyed. The custom of marrying maidens without love, and without their own consent,—too often marrying them to men old enough to be their fathers, or older still,—is the cause why the wife's infidelity is pitifully dealt with on the Continent; the unbounded liberty granted to our girls, with not too many chances of eligible settlement, the reason why we are lenient to flirtations, disrupted engagements, and rumors, any one of which, or the faintest echo even of which, would have ruined a foreign girl for life. Manners and morals always go together; and whenever we find certain faults lightly passed over in a nation, we may be sure that we shall also find certain temptations very thickly laid, and some tremendous violation of rational and natural laws.

People who have never been to France deny that there is any domestic life worthy of the name in the country. The open-air amusements and public manner of living popular there are so contrary to the received ideas of an English home, that many cannot believe the two co-existing. Cafés and restaurants, theatres, lounging on chairs set fairly out on the Boulevard, or under the trees of the public gardens, the weekly reception-day, when Madame is at home to all the world and Monsieur is extinguished—fill the native Briton with pious horror. He does not believe that domesticity can exist where there is so little house-life; or that families can be as closely united under the Boulevard trees as by their own firesides. It is in fact a question of architecture—the superior morality of bricks and mortar against the laxative influences of fresh air and green leaves. And yet the real fact is—if domesticity means the affectionate binding together of a family, and not merely all sitting together round a coal-fire—then are the French more domestic than we; less home-staying, but more bound up in their family life. This sounds like a paradox, or the most monstrous heresy; but out of heresies sometimes come great truths, and this is one of them. The paternal feeling is very strong in France—much stronger than with us. This follows almost as of course where the marriage is so little one of choice, for children then take the largest place in the house; and even when the husband and wife do not love each other, the parents meet together for the sake of the little ones between them. There may be many unsuited marriages in France, but there are few unhappy homes—many a neglected wife and betrayed husband, but few mothers openly disgraced before their daughters, or fathers publicly dishonored to their sons. *Les convenances*, of which we hear so much, do not mean only the outside varnish of appearances, but also respect for the home, and regard for the present condition and future prospects of the family. The child is the end and aim of the parents' being. *Mon fils* and *ma fille* round off the stanza of life with a rhythm of indescribable tenderness; they fill up the cup to the brim, and leave no space for even regrets that *mon mari* or *ma femme* drinks all awry, and from another and uncongenial fount. They had no illusions when they married, and they wake from no sweet dreamings. Marriage was confessedly establishment and family; love stayed outside, or called through the window with a stranger's face behind his bow. What the fathers and mothers did for them, Adolphe and Julie, they will do for the little Adolphe and Julie playing there at their feet. For the law itself, the great Code Napoleon, which they hold to be the grandest and greatest and noblest and most sublime piece of human wisdom ever promulgated, recognizes the parental right as absolute, and founds the family on the basis of parental authority alone. I will give a few of its more striking provisions; they are sufficiently corroborative of my assertion.

No man, unless he be a widower, may marry without the consent of both his parents—if both be alive; and a mother has certain legal rights over her daughter to the day of her death. The deprivation of these rights is one of the severer forms of judicial punishment, and *fletries* the mother for ever; as does also the deprivation of a voice in the family council (*conseil de famille*), by which every family regulates certain sections of its affairs, and which deprivation ranks among the more disgraceful penalties attached to flagrantly criminal or immoral conduct. A father has absolute right over his son up to a certain age. He can imprison him, if he be so minded, and the youth has given him legal handle for the same, and keep him under lock and bolt till he is twenty-one, and a "major." Indeed, there is a special House of Correction for this class of criminals, where young gentleman who have run into debt, or found pleasure in pursuits more intense than innocent, may meditate at their leisure on the follies of immature youth, and the hardness of heart common to fathers and *le Code*. But this is a punishment not often resorted to, though still existing as an available power, and used when occasion requires.

The young people resign themselves with wonderful patience to these dykes and ditches on their way to independence. Filial feeling is as strong as parental, and the submission of the son is equal to the authority of the father. Only sometimes, as for instance in matters of love, when two young things have fallen thoughtlessly into the net whence their parents will not let them escape through the church-door, they do not always submit with due decorum, but take to charcoal or prussic acid, and die the death of the despairing, because there is no Gretna Green upon the Rhenish borders, and the harmonious blacksmith has not yet been made a frontier institution. Or, if they have more than ordinary French pluck, they can cause "Three Respectful Summonses" to be made before the magistrate, at the interval of some months between each; when, if the parents do not succeed in showing that the desired marriage is morally unbefitting, or of such extreme social disparity as to become a family disgrace, love and the young people gain the day. They marry each other in due form; and those three respectful summonses build up one home, and shatter another for ever; for this is a breach through which the waters of the ocean rush with overwhelming force, and there is no hope of stemming or reparation. It is a power and possibility mercifully provided by the law against the overweighting of suffering humanity; but it is one of the very last resources in the game of life—the last card in the pack, the last throw of the dice. Society does not much relish the young people who escape from their home bondage by this equivocal postern gate; and, after all, society is the supremest lawgiver, let codes say what they will.

But a far greater proof of paternal love than either *la Force* or the scientific regulation of their children's happiness is to be found in the fact, that every father and mother, no matter what their means, make it a point of conscience, and one of their primary duties, to give their daughters "portions." The poorest peasant or *chiffonnier* saves up his "dozen" for his girl; and in the better classes her dowry is as much a matter of course as the son's share. National feeling completes what the Code Napoleon left unfinished; and though parents maintain that their children ought, in duty and conscience, to be wholly subject to their wills, yet they hold themselves in trust to their children as their one greatest duty, and deem no sacrifice too great which shall insure their well-being and prosperity. The whole scheme of social and domestic life is different to ours, and of course is superior in some of its bearings, while inferior in others. And whether the marriage that is made by those who know the end and meaning of life, for a perfectly fresh and inexperienced girl who has never heard a whisper of love, never looked into a stranger's eyes, nor met a stranger's hand, is more likely to turn out successful than the "last chance" which the desperate woman of unnumbered disappointments clutches at with frantic eagerness—whether the marriage which means the establishment of the future family before all else, and which is carefully supported by an equal share of money from the wife, is more likely to give woman an honorable position than that which is made for sake of fancy, liking, or opportunity, and where the wife brings nothing—I must leave to the judgment of each reader. I would not speak dogmatically, and I am only an outside observer; but it seems to me that French homes are happier than ours, more facile, more good-humored, more affectionate in all ascending relations; but that the marriage has less love and passion in it, more courtesy, consideration, and friendliness, but less fidelity, truth or intimacy. A world of meaning lies in that common word between man and wife, *mon ami* and *mon amie!*

The disposition of the home is different in France to what is usual with us. In the first place, the children live more about their parents' knees than ours, there being seldom a special nursery in French homes; for the apartments are rarely generous in space, and as all are on the same flat, there is less reason for isolation "because of the noise." Besides, the French are fonder of children than we are, and less wearied by their noise. Mother, children, and *bonne*, generally sit together in the same room (I am speaking now of the ordinary middle class homes), and you rarely meet a married woman without her child. As soon as it is old enough to walk out with *maman*, *maman* takes it, so *gentiment* dressed, so well arranged, that passers-by say "*Charmant!*" and praise *Madame et son enfant* audibly. For dress is a beauty in France, and good taste in her toilette ranks before any mere natural unassisted grace of form or feature. A plain woman who has thrown thought and artistry into her dress will have crowds of admirers; an ill-dressed beauty will be passed by and called *bete*. But to return to the babies.

At a very early age all marks of babyhood in domestic management are at an end. When only four or five years old, they dine at the late dinner, have soup and wine, go to bed late, and in all things bear themselves like small men and women. Indeed, people do say that there are no such things as children in France, but only miniature young ladies and gentlemen, well bred, coquettish, and with a decided leaning towards the world in opposition to nature. The girl is called "mademoiselle" even at two years of age, and no one not of the immediate family presumes to address her by any other name. The young men visiting at the house bring her toys and bon-bons on every possible occasion; speak to her with extreme respect; at the children's balls demand her hand with exquisite politeness, and never dare to kiss her, even though she puts up her little round wet mouth close to theirs, before advancing years have taught her the beauty of reserve. To kiss her, to call her by her Christian name without the conventional prefix, to take the smallest personal liberty with her, would be almost as great a breach of decorum as if done to *maman* there. And the nearer the young man stands in his relations with *maman*, the more scrupulous will he be in his dealings with mademoiselle.

Families keep much together as they grow up, and thread upon the string of life as many pleasant knots of reunion as they well can. The *jour de l'an*, the *jour de fete* of each member, the *jours de mort* of all who have died, with various *baptêmes* intervening, and the usual weekly reception-day of such members of the family as are within visiting distance,—all help to draw the bonds closer than is possible when one son is in Australia, and another in the Indies, a third in America, a fourth in the army, a fifth in the navy, and a sixth at the farthest end of the kingdom; while the half-dozen daughters are married and settled at all points of the empire. Does it not seem likely that there should be more intense, because more concentrated affection with the smaller families of the stay-at-home races than where the product is legion, and the race delights in travel and colonization? Mind, I am not laying down the law; I only ask probabilities.

French women are always pleasant; more submissive than ours, more coquettish, more industrious, more careful to please, and, above all, more feline in all their ways; if not so honorable and trustworthy, so truthful, loyal and upright as our English women, they are yet more agreeable. They care more for the pleasant conduct of their homes, and do their utmost to render the domestic life seducing. One little peculiarity of all good-minded housekeepers is too characteristic, trifling as it is, to be passed over, and that is the care which they take always to have a special dish, a *pet de choir*, at their meals. This may be only a few sweet biscuits, if among the *bourgeoisie*, or a bunch of grapes with the artisans; with people of larger income it is some greater delicacy of *recherche* character; but in every station above abject poverty there it is. In fact, it is part of the scientific enjoyment of life—pleasure on principle—which pervades the whole scheme of French society. Of course the higher classes are much the same everywhere; but the commonality and the middle classes preserve national differences distinctly enough; and this is one of them. To sum up the French version of domestic life as I read it—it seems to me that its special characteristics are, the undisguised love of pleasure and the artistic providing for enjoyment as part of the needs of life, strong family feeling, great regard for social opinion, and an intense love between parents and children.

IN ENGLAND.

We English, insular and isolated, close the street door fast, and call that emphatically "home" which is only a carcass of four walls subdivided into certain cells. His house is "home" to an Englishman, and sometimes all the home he has, the family counting for little or nothing. For among the professional and mercantile classes there is wonderfully little intercourse between the members of a family—between the father and his young children least of all. Generally, the father sees them only on Sunday, when, for the most part, he has a friend to dine with him; and even during the day, what with church, special domestic arrangements for the little ones, early dinners, and his own late hours, he has but little of their company, and scarcely regrets their loss. He knows so little of them, indeed, that it would be difficult to regret them. He could not claim his own baby if he saw it; and it would require an effort of memory to count up the names, or recognize the persons of his three little boys, or their lisping sister. If he came home earlier, perhaps it would be different; but how much can a man learn of his family who sees them for a long half hour once a week?

If he lives in the country at railway distance from London, he sees even less of his belongings, and his wife is more and more the sufferer. The life of a young couple under such conditions has always seemed to me peculiarly sad. The wife is alone all day, the husband leaving early and returning late. If she has children, she dines with them at luncheon-time; if she has none, she makes herself pale with waiting for him until what is a real supper-hour. Generally, they have gone into a neighborhood where they know no one, so that the poor girl has no companion in her walks, and neglects her health and need of exercise because it is so dull to be by oneself in the lanes and fields! This is a very common state of things with young married people; and the contrast of its dull isolation with her former life of sisterly companionship, makes a young bride's home very sad and cheerless. In due time come children. When the house is full of the sweet life of infancy, the pattering of little feet, the lisping of young voices, and the restless seeking of rosy hands, then loneliness and sorrow and weariness are banished; and though cares and duties gather thick about the mother, they are more than counterbalanced by her pleasures and affections. The happiest time of an English woman's life is when she has young children about her, old enough to be companionable, but not old enough to be independent. She herself is still young, and ripened into mysterious beauty with the grand rich health of maternity; she has yet a future; the world has not lost its pleasures; her maternal instincts are in full activity, and she has none of the pale solitude of her early married life to undergo. Years hence, she will look back to this time as to the golden age of her existence; the time when all her roses were most fragrant, and the vine-leaves on the wall most flushed with ruddy light; when the stars shone brightest in the sky; when the morning song sounded blithest, and the evening hymn fell gentlest. Years hence, amid the toil and disappointment of the future, her heart will revert to that pleasant time of youthful motherhood with a mingled passion of love and regret. And yet it was only motherhood, not marriage; motherhood more material than spiritual, and of more partial intensity than completeness. But when the children have grown up, and the family is broken asunder; when the boys are drafted off to the colonies, and the girls remain at home unmarried and unsought,—then the brightness fades, the roses fall from the wall, the sweetest muscatelles are but sourish Hambro's, the stars are dim, and the songs all out of tune, and the happy home grows dull and dead, for its merry ghosts have all departed.

A houseful of marriageable English girls in a quiet English family is not the most perfect form of domestic life possible. As the best days of womanhood are gliding by without event and without love, the sisters grow cross and peevish, and each wonders what makes the others so disagreeable. All are looking forward to marrying as their sole possible occupation and change—the fulfillment of the destiny for which they have been openly educated; and in the present state of society marriages are by no means matters of course, or to be counted on as a woman's right. Yet even carefully nurtured English women have instincts and natural desires which war against these artificial barriers painfully, and show themselves by their effects of gloom and discontent. It may be a very awful thing to say, but home is a weary place for most young girls without fortunes or much chance of marrying; and where there are several grown-up sisters clustered together, there we may be sure are also regrets, despondency, weariness, and temper. What our girls want in general is more occupation; something to interest and excite them, pending the greatest possible interest to them. Pleasure does not come into the ordinary programme of a quiet, matter-of-fact English family. If it falls by accident on to the broad path leading to the house door, well and good; some one going in stoops to pick it up, and a day of jubilee never comes amiss. But unless it lies handy and not far off the road, it may lie for ever undiscovered, for no one will go out of the beaten track to pick up an unusual enjoyment. Sometimes in the country an archery-club is established, under the patronage of a few grand names; and the young ladies join it, and shoot for prizes, unless too strict. But archery is not considered profane even by the professedly pious, who allow themselves bows and arrows, but I believe not Lincoln Green, or costume. Generally there is a book-club also, where the serious element predominates, and which the youthful curate regulates hierarchically, not unworthy a local pope, as he is; and there are Dorcas Societies, and soup-kitchens, school-teachings, and many other little parish-potterings, which fill up a few days in the week; but, while killing time with pinpricks,—in fact, not killing him at all,—they leave the mind as restless and unemployed as before. There is certainly a great deal of personal independence to make up for some of the shortcomings; but gardening, and walking, and riding, and the like, are only palliatives, not vocations, and do nothing towards filling the void of the inner life.

In town it is worse for our unmarried family. Here the girls have the poorest forms of physical enjoyment, and seldom get much mental exercise worthy of the name. More hedged about by conventional observances than are their country cousins, they have less energy, less healthy robustness, and are more thoroughly soured by disappointment. It is painful to see those young faces with the heavy scowl sitting fixedly between the brows, the compressed lips, and pallid cheeks, betraying the wasted energies and disappointed hopes going on now for years perhaps. But such faces are by no means rare, and tell their own tale wherever met. These are the results of free-living maidenhood (and worse results than these sometimes) from which the French mother so sedulously guards her daughters when she coops them up with nuns in a convent, and only takes them out into the sunshine of the world when about to be given into the protection of a husband. Perhaps this is not so terrible a system after all; and perhaps our own habit of letting our unmarried women ramble uncontrolled through the wildest paths, is scarcely so conducive to happiness as it would seem. But to each nation its own peculiar lantern, and to every people patterns of their own choosing!

All this is social blasphemy to the ears of some. People who believe in the English home as something of divine origin and flawless practice will not readily credit the evidence of their senses, when that evidence goes to prove that there are chips, and cracks, and parted seams, and broken edges here, as in everything else, and that the English home is a fallible institution like the rest of human work. It may be true of all the rest, think the young—it is true of papa and mamma, of brother John and uncle William, of the Browns and the Whites and the Greens—they are all cross and unhappy; but our own home, the home that is to be, will be the place of love and trust and faith and peace, the place where the troubles of the outside world will lie like a folded garment at the door, and where sorrow shall never enter to pursue us; the place where shall be realized the whole vision of the ideal, the whole prayer of man. Children! children! and they all dreamed that same dream before you! Father and mother, uncle, brother, and friends had each their hope which was to them a certainty—each their ideal which was to them reality. That hope lies dead in the grave of experience, and the ideal has paled before the fire of bitter truth. Will it be otherwise with you, think you? Will man forget to be unjust, and woman cease to repine, within the four walls of your home only? Poor children! dream while you may beneath the sunshine, for the dark clouds are coming on when there will be no more rest beneath green leaves!

Domestic life perfected in the really happy home: this is the *Recherche de l' Absolu* which each human heart enters on; but who can lay his hand upon the spot, and say that it is there? One here and there—favorite prize-holders of fate; but the multitude draw blanks, or, worse still, lots which bring them active sorrow and a life-long despair. I do not believe in happy homes: why, then, swear that the mirage is living water?

E. L. L.

ROANOKE.

BY J. M.

Out upon the horizon's verge,
Just beyond the heaving surge,
With its fringed and shaggy edge
Of tangled brush, and haunting sedge,
Of reeds and wild rice growing rank
In the marshes thick and dank;
When the day in splendor broke,
Lay the Isle of Roanoke.

Up against the distant sky
Rose their earthworks stern and high;
From th' embrasures looking down
Wide mouthed guns and mortars frown;
And the stunted woods conceal
Gathered ranks of glittering steel—
While their fleet defiance spoke,
Echoing over Roanoke.

All day over the surging swell
Rained the shower of shot and shell;
All day over the whispering grass
Answered back the rebel brass;
Step by step we gained our way,
Kept the taunting foes at bay,
'Till, thro' clouds of wreathing smoke,
Night came down on Roanoke.

Thro' the reeking, black morass,
Choked with weeds and woven grass,
'Midst the booming cannons' roar
Now our forces reach the shore.
On they press with frantic yell!
While the rebels backward fell!
Till one shout from thousands broke,
And they conquered Roanoke!

Honored be that glorious day!
Praise our brave boys in the fray!
For the brilliant charge they made
Thro' the deadly cannonade.
Tears for those who nobly fell
For the cause they loved so well!
Fell in that triumphant stroke
That raised our flag o'er Roanoke.

—Salem (Mass.) Register.

SLAUGHTER OF CHILDREN.

Mr. Catlin, who spent much of his life among the North American Indians, says that in a village of two hundred and fifty persons, after the chief and his wife had consulted well together over the answer to his question how many of the children had died during the last ten years, or within their memory, they could recollect only three; one was drowned; one was killed by the kick of a horse; the third by the bite of a rattlesnake. A chief of a tribe of fifteen hundred, made, at Mr. Catlin's request, like inquiry among the women of his people, and could hear of no deaths of children, except by accident, within the memory of any one of them. When living among two thousand Mandans, Mr. Catlin was told that the death of a child under ten years old was exceedingly unusual, and this evidence was confirmed by the very small number of skulls of children to be found in the Indian burial grounds of North America. These deaths are, in fact, against the laws of nature; and that not against passive laws, but against the striving of every secret and mysterious power bestowed on the human body to prevent them. That of the deaths in our chief centre of civilization there should be two of children under the age of ten for every three above that age—and this understates the truth—would be a shame such as no people could endure, unless it was laboring with heart and soul for its removal. Yet all that has been done for the last fifty years has achieved only this improvement—that the mortality among our children is reduced two per cent.

In London alone, there die in a year young children enough to make an unbroken line of corpses, lying head to foot, along the curb-stone, on each side of the way, from Bow Church down the Bow road, through Mile End, and down the Mile End road, Whitechapel road, Whitechapel, Aldgate, and on through Leadenhall street, the Poultry, Cheapside, and on still through Newgate street and Skinner street, to line with dead children both sides of the whole length of Holborn and Oxford street, to beyond Kensington gardens.

PLEASANT NEIGHBORHOODS.

One's pleasure, after all, is much affected by the quality of one's neighbors, even though one may not be on speaking terms with them. A pleasant bright face at a window is surely better than a discontented, cross one; and a house that has the air of being inhabited is preferable to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, excluding every ray of sunlight and sympathy. We like to see the glancing, cheerful lights through the windows of a cold night, or watch them, as evening deepens, gradually creeping from the parlor to the upper stories of the houses near us. We like to watch the little children go in and out the door, to play, or to school. We like to see a white-robed baby dancing up and down at the window in its mother's arms, or the father reading his newspaper there at evening, or any of these cheerful, impromptu home glimpses, which, though we are no Paul Pry, we will assert go to make a pleasant neighborhood to those who live for comfort instead of show. Sad, indeed, some morning, on waking, it is to see the blinds down and the shutters closed, and know that death's angel, while it spared our threshold, has crossed that of our cheerful neighbor. Sad to miss the white-robed baby from the window, and see the little coffin at nightfall borne into the house. Sad to see innocent little faces pressed at eventide against the window-pane, watching for the "dear papa" who has gone to his long home.

☞ Women always show more taste in adorning others than in adorning themselves; and the reason is, that their persons are like their hearts—they read another's better than their own.

THE BELLS OF ARCHANGEL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELIZABETH G. BARRETT.

Ring out, wild bells of Archangel!
Ring from your golden domes,
Calling this morn the dwellers
In these far off Arctic homes.

Not like the bells of my childhood,
With their soft and dreamy chimes,
Like silvery showers in the distance,
Or the musical murmur of rhymes.

But now and then outpealing
With a deep and dissonant clang,
Like that which forth from the Kremlin
O'er the Russian soldiers rang.

While the blue and shining Dwina
Is sweeping its banks along,
And murmuring forth to the city
Its sweet and silvery song,

I sit in the English chapel
This beautiful Sabbath morn,
While the breeze from the green pine islands,
Sweeps over its sloping lawn.

Beside its open windows
The boughs sway to and fro,
With a dreamy, tremulous rustle,
Like echoes faint and low

Of the organ's deep toned music,
And the hymn the worshippers sung,
A moment ago, in the accents
Of our native English tongue.

And a tide of rushing memories
My swelling heart o'erwhelms,
As I think of a far off city
Under the shadow of elms.

A fair and quiet city,
With its long and green arcades,
And the self same rustle of foliage
I have heard in the depths of its shades

And I think of the leagues of distance,
The land and the ocean foam,
Which lie this Sabbath morning
Between me and my home.

Then I think of a home that is smiling
Beyond these calm blue skies,
Which perchance ere long in its beauty
Shall gladden my waking eyes;

And I lose all thought of distance,
Knowing from any clime,
We may go to the home of our Father,
Called in His own good time.

Archangel, Russia, Aug. 31st, 1861.

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE INTERVIEW.

Marksman followed Atoyac to the Palace of the Virgins of the Sun. In spite of himself, the intrepid hunter felt his heart contract when he thought of the perilous situation in which he was about to place himself, and the terrible consequences discovery would entail. Still, he stood up against this emotion, and succeeded in regaining sufficient power over himself to affect a tranquillity and indifference which were far from real.

The two men walked silently side by side. The hunter, fearing this prolonged dumbness might inspire his guide with doubts, resolved to make him talk, in order to give his thoughts a different direction from that he feared to see them take.

"My brother has travelled much?" he asked him.

"Where is the warrior of our race whose life has not been spent in long journeys?" the Indian answered, sententiously. "The palefaces—my brother knows it better than I—chase us like wild beasts, and compel us incessantly to retire before their successive encroachments."

"That is true," the hunter said, shaking his head with a melancholy air. "What desert is so obscure in which we are now permitted to hide the bones of our fathers, with the certainty that the plough of the whites will not come to crush them in tracing its interminable furrow, and scatter them in every direction?"

"Alas!" Atoyac observed; "the red race is accursed. The day will come when it will be sought in vain on the immense plains where it was formerly more numerous than the brilliant stars which stud the vault of heaven; for it is fatally condemned to disappear from the surface of the world. The palefaces are the only terrible implements of the implacable wrath of the Wacondah against the children of the red family."

"My father only speaks too well. Formerly our race was all-powerful; now it has fallen lower than the vilest slave, and has no hope left it of ever rising again."

"What has become of the powerful emperors of Ahamiac, who commanded the whole earth? Of the numberless cities they founded, but five compose to-day the territory of Tlapalcan.* They are the last refuges of the children of Quetzalcoalt,† who are forced to hide themselves there like timid deer, instead of boldly treading the countries possessed in old times by their ancestors."

"But, thanks be rendered to the Wacondah, whose power is infinite, these five cities are completely sheltered from the insults of the Gachupinos."

Atoyac shook his head sadly.

"My father is mistaken," he said. "Where is the hidden spot to which the palefaces do not penetrate?"

"That is possible. They effect everything; but up to the present no paleface has gazed on Quiepus Tani. They have not been able to cross the mountains, and traverse the deserts, behind which the sacred city rises calm and peaceful, deriding the vain efforts of its enemies to discover it."

"Scarce two suns ago, I should have spoken like my brother. I should have rejoiced with him at this ignorance of the palefaces: but to-day this is no longer possible."

"How so? What can have happened in so short a space of time, that compels my brother to alter his opinion so suddenly?" the hunter asked, growing all at once interested, and fearful of hearing bad news.

"The palefaces are in the vicinity of the city. They have been seen; they are numerous and well armed."

"It is not so; my father is mistaken. Cowards or old women were frightened by their shadow, and spread this report," the Canadian answered, shivering all over.

"Those who brought the news are neither cowards, afraid of their shadow, nor chattering old women—they are renowned chiefs. To-day, at the Great Council, they announced the presence of a strong party of palefaces, concealed in the forest, whose trees have so long spread out their protecting branches before us, to conceal us from the piercing glances of our enemies."

"These men, however numerous they may be, unless they form a real army, will not venture to attack a city so strong as this, defended by thick walls, and containing a considerable number of chosen warriors."

"Perhaps. Who can know? At any rate, if the palefaces do not attack us, we shall attack them. Not one of them must again see the land of the palefaces. Our future security demands it."

"Yes, it must be so; but are you sure that the chiefs of whom you speak, and whose names I do not know, may not deceive you, and be traitors?"

Atoyac stopped, and fixed a piercing glance on the Canadian, who endured it with a calm air and unmoved countenance.

"No," he said, a moment after, "Red Wolf and Addick are no traitors."

The hunter seemed to reflect for a moment, and then exclaimed, with a resolute air, which imposed on the Indian,—

"No, indeed, these two chiefs are not traitors; but they are on the road to become so ere long. The dangers which menace us they heaped up on our heads to satisfy their passions and thirst for vengeance."

"Let my brother explain," the Chief said, at the height of astonishment. "His words are grave."

"I did wrong to utter them," the hunter continued, with feigned humility. "I am only a man of peace, to whom the Omnipotent Wacondah has given the mission of relieving, according to the knowledge granted him, the ills of humanity. I, a poor being, ought not to try and uproot the powerful oak, whose weight in falling would crush me. Let my brother pardon me. I imprudently allowed my indignation to carry me away."

"No, no," the Chief exclaimed, pressing his arm forcibly: "it cannot be so. My father has begun, and he must tell me all."

With that quickness of thought that distinguished him, the hunter had conceived a plan, founded on the distrust which forms the basis of the Indian character. He pretended resistance to the Chief's instructions, and was unwilling to enter into details of what he had let him have a glimpse of; but the more the pretended medicine man declined to speak, the more did the Chief press him to do so. At length the hunter feigned to be intimidated by his host's mingled prayers and threats, and still alleging the fear he felt of drawing on himself the hatred of two renowned chiefs, he at length consented to give the information for which Atoyac pressed him so urgently.

"Here are the facts," he said. "I will relate them to my brother exactly as they came to my knowledge. Still, my brother will pledge me his word, that whatever be the resolution he forms after hearing my words, he will in no way mix up a peaceful and timid man in this affair. That my name shall not be even mentioned, and that the Chiefs whose conduct I am now about to unveil, will not be aware of my presence at Quiepus Tani?"

"My brother can speak in all confidence. I swear to him by the sacred name of the Wacondah, and by the great Ayotl, that whatever happens, his name shall not be mixed up in this affair. No one shall know in what way I obtained the information he will give me. Atoyac is one of the first sachems in Quiepus Tani; when it pleases him to say a thing, his words do not require to be confirmed by any other testimony than his own."

As so often happens, under present circumstances, apart from the discomfort produced by the hunter's reticence, the Chief was not sorry at the importance the details he was about to learn would assuredly give him, and the part he would be indubitably called on to play in the events which would result from them.

"Och!" the hunter said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "if that is the case, I will speak."

Then the Canadian told his complaisant and credulous hearer, a long and wonderfully confused story, in which truth was so artfully mixed up with falsehood, that it would have been impossible for the acutest man to distinguish one from the other; but the result of which was, that, if the whites had reached the vicinity of the city, Addick and Red Wolf had lured them after them, only connecting their trail sufficiently for their pursuers not to lose it. The whole of the facts recounted by the hunter were so skillfully grouped, that the two Chiefs, enveloped in this network of truth and falsehood, must be inevitably convicted of treason if closely cross-questioned, which the worthy hunter hoped most sincerely.

"I will allow myself no reflections," he added, in conclusion; "my brother is a wise Chief and experienced warrior; he will judge far better than I, a poor worm, can of the gravity of the things he has just heard; still, I implore him to remember what he has promised."

"Atoyac has only one word," the Chief answered. "My father can reassure himself; but what I have heard is extremely serious. Let us lose no more time; I must go to the first Chief of the city."

"Perhaps the two Sachems have drawn the palefaces so near us with a good intention," the hunter insinuated; "they hope, possibly, to pounce upon them with greater ease."

"No," Atoyac answered, with a gloomy air; "their intentions can only be perfidious; their machinations must be foiled as speedily as possible; if not, great misfortunes will occur, especially after the decision of the Council, which gives the command of the warriors destined to act in the city to Red Wolf, under the orders of the governor."

Fortunately for the hunter, Atoyac was a personal enemy of Red Wolf and Addick, which prevented him noticing with what cunning skill the Canadian had led him to listen to his narrative.

The two men hastily continued their walk, in a few moments reached the palace of the Vestals. After a few words with the warrior who had charge of the gate, the Chief and the medicine man were introduced into the interior. The High Priest came eagerly toward the new comers, whom he had been eagerly expecting. The Amantzin regarded the hunter with suspicious attention, and made him undergo an interrogatory like Atoyac's in the morning.

His answers, prepared long before, pleased the High Priest; for, a few moments after, he led him to the reserved apartments of the palace, in order to examine the state of the maidens.

The Canadian's heart trembled with the most violent emotion, and large drops of perspiration beaded on his face. Indeed, the critical position in which he found himself was really of a nature to inspire him with serious alarm. What he feared most of all was the effect his presence might produce on the maidens, if, in spite of his perfect disguise, they recognized him at once, or when he made himself known to them; for it was indispensable, for the success of the trick he intended to play, that those he was going to see should know with whom they had to deal, and enter fully into the spirit of the characters he meant them to play in the farce. These reflections, and many others which rushed on the hunter, imparted to his face a look of sternness, which was far from injuring him in the minds of those who accompanied him.

They at length reached the entrance of the secret apartments, whose door, at a sign from the High Priest, was widely opened before them. But so soon as they entered a large hall, which, through the absence of all furniture, might be regarded as a vestibule, the Amantzin turned to Atoyac, and gave him the order to wait there, while he led the medicine man to the captives.

As we have already said, the abode of the Virgins of the Sun was interdicted to all men, excepting the High Priest. Under certain circumstances one person might be an exception to this rule, and that was the doctor.

Atoyac was too well acquainted with the severe law of the palace to offer the slightest remark; still, when the High Priest prepared to leave him, he caught him respectfully by the robe, and bent to his ear.

"My brother will return promptly," he said to him, in a low voice; "I have important news to communicate to him."

"Important news," the Amantzin repeated, as he stared at him.

"Yes," the Chief said.

"And it concerns me?" the High Priest continued, slowly.

Atoyac smiled confidentially.

"I think so," he said, "for they relate to Red Wolf and Addick."

The High Priest gave a slight start.

"I will return in a moment," he said, with a gracious nod; then turning to the hunter, who stood motionless a few steps off, apparently indifferent to what passed between the two men, he said to him—

"Come."

The hunter bowed, and followed the High Priest. The latter led him across a long courtyard paved with bricks, and ascending ten steps of blue and green-veined marble, he conducted him into a small isolated pavilion, completely separate from the building in which the Virgins of the Sun were secluded. The High Priest closed the door behind him, which gave them admission to the pavilion; they crossed a species of antechamber, and the Amantzin, raising a drapery which hung over a narrow doorway, introduced the pretended physician into a room splendidly furnished in the Indian style. The High Priest, apparently wishing, if possible, to make the maidens forget they were captives, had gilded their cage with the utmost care, by decorating it with all the articles of luxury and comfort which he supposed would please them.

In an elegant hammock of cocoa fibre, overrun with feathers and hanging from golden rings, about eighteen inches from the floor, there reclined a young woman, whose face of excessive pallor bore the imprint of profound sorrow, and the evident traces of a serious illness.

It was Dona Laura de Real del Monte. By her side, with folded arms and tear-laden eyes, stood Dona Luisa, her friend, or rather her sister, through suffering and devotion. The state of prostration into which Dona Luisa was plunged proved that, in spite of her strength of character, she had also, for some time past, given up all hope of ever leaving the prison in which she was confined.

This room, receiving no light from without, was illuminated by four torches of ocote wood, passed through gold rings in the walls, whose vacillating flame dimly lighted up the scene.

On seeing the two men, Dona Laura made a sign of terror, and buried her face in her hands. The hunter saw that he must precipitate events, so he turned to his guide.

"The Wacondah is powerful," he said, in an imposing voice; "the sacred tortoise supports the world on its shell. His spirit eye is on me; it inspires me. I must remain alone with the patients, that I may read in their faces the nature of the illness that torments them."

The High Priest hesitated; he fixed on the pretended physician a glance which seemed to try and read his most secret thoughts. But although accustomed for many years to deceive his countrymen by his mystic juggling, he was, after all, an Indian, and, as such, as accessible to superstitious fears as those he deluded. He therefore hesitated.

"I am the Amantzin," he said, with a respectful accent. "The Wacondah can only view with satisfaction my presence here at this moment."

"My father can remain, if such is his pleasure; I do not compel him to retire," the Canadian answered, boldly, as he was determined to gain his point at all hazards. "Now I warn him that I am in no way responsible for the terrible consequences his disobedience will entail. The Spirit that possesses me will be obeyed, for it is jealous. Let my father reflect."

The High Priest bowed his head humbly.

"I will retire," he said; "my brother will pardon my hesitation."

And he left the apartment.

The Canadian silently accompanied him to the door of the vestibule, closed it carefully after him, and ran back to the young ladies, who recoiled with terror.

"Fear nothing," he whispered, "I am a friend."

"A friend!" Dona Laura exclaimed, who had fled, all trembling into a corner of the room.

"Yes," he continued, hastily; "I am Marksman, the Canadian hunter, the friend, the companion of Don Miguel."

Dona Laura sat up in her hammock, and a cry of surprise and joy burst from her chest.

"Silence!" the hunter said; "they may be listening."

Dona Luisa gazed with dilated eyes on this scene, whose meaning escaped her.

"You Marksman!" Don Laura at length said, with an accent impossible to describe. "Oh! we may be saved then; we are not abandoned by all."

And, sliding to the ground, she knelt piously, and, with clasped hands, murmured a fervent prayer, while her eyes filled with tears.

Then rising suddenly, she seized the hunter's hands, and pressed them passionately.

"Don Miguel," she said, "where is he?"

"He is close by, and waiting for you. But for Heaven's sake, listen to me; moments are precious."

"Oh, Caballero! take us away, take us away quickly," Dona Laura at length said, completely recovered from her emotion.

"Soon."

"Yes, yes, save us!" Dona Laura exclaimed; "my father will reward you."

Marksman smiled.

"Your father will be very glad to see you again," he said, softly.

Dona Laura raised to him her lovely eyes, radiant with joy.

"Where is my father?" she asked him; but then added, "no, I cannot see him. He is far, very far from here."

"He is with Don Miguel, in the forest. Set your mind at rest."

"Oh, Heaven!" the maiden exclaimed, "it is too much happiness."

At this moment some one could be heard ascending the marble steps.

"Hist!" the hunter said, sharply; "be on your guard."

"But what must we do?" Dona Laura asked, in a low voice.

"Wait, and have confidence."

"What, are you going?"

"Will you leave us already?" they exclaimed together, with a movement of terror.

"I will return. Leave me to act. Once, again, hope and patience."

"Oh, if you were to abandon us; if you did not save us," Laura said, in despair, "we should have nothing left but to die."

"Oh, have pity on us!" Dona Luisa murmured.

"Trust to me, poor children," the hunter answered, more affected than he liked to seem by this simple and profound sorrow. "Remember this carefully—whatever happens, whatever may be told you, whatever sound you hear, trust to me—to me alone—for I am watching over you. I have sworn to save you, and I will succeed."

"Thanks!" they replied.

The steps had stopped at the door.

Marksman, after making the maidens a last sign to recommend them prudence, composed his features, sharply opened the door, and, without uttering a word, passed by the High Priest, whom he did not seem to notice, but evinced great marks of agitation, and, making incomprehensible signs, ran toward the spot where Atoyac was awaiting him.

The Amantzin was dumb with surprise. After a moment he closed the doors the hunter had left open, and followed him, but as if he did not dare to draw towards him.

The maidens did not know whether they were not the sport of a dream. So soon as they were alone, they fell into each others' arms, sobbing violently.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A MEETING.

The Indian Chief could not restrain a cry of terror, and recoiled a few paces at the sudden apparition of the hunter. The latter stopped in the centre of the room, and letting his head sink on his chest, appeared plunged in profound thought.

The High Priest, on rejoining Atoyac, told him, in a few words, in what fashion the medicine man had quitted the sick chamber, and the Indians, filled with superstitious fear, stood motionless a few paces from him, respectfully waiting till he addressed him.

The hunter appeared gradually to regain possession of his faculties; his agitation calmed down; he passed his hand over his forehead, and sighed like a man at length relieved from a terrible oppression. The Indians considered the moment favorable to approach him, and ask him the questions they burned to address to him.

"Well, my father?" they said.

"Speak," the High Priest added. "What is the matter with you?"

The hunter rolled his eyes, uttered a fresh sigh, and muttered, in a low, choking voice,—

"The spirit possesses me; it pierces the marrow of my bones."

The Indians exchanged a timid glance, and fell back in terror.

"Wacondah! Wacondah!" the Canadian continued; "why hast thou gifted thy wretched servant with this unhappy knowledge?"

The redskins really felt the blood iced in their veins by these sinister words; a shudder of terror ran over their limbs, and their teeth chattered. Marksman walked slowly toward them; they saw him approaching, without daring to make a movement to avoid him. The hunter laid his right hand on the High Priest's shoulder, fixed a piercing glance on him, and said, in a hollow voice,—

"The sons of the sacred Ayotel must arm themselves with courage."

"What does my brother mean?" the old man muttered, in a tremor.

"A wicked spirit," the hunter continued, coldly, "has entered these daughters of the pale-faces. This spirit will smite with death, from this day forth, those who approach them; for the dread knowledge with which the Wacondah has gifted me has enabled me to convince myself of the malignant influence that weighs upon them."

The two Indians, credulous like all of their race, fell back a step. Then the hunter, as if to confirm his words, feigned to be attacked by a fresh crisis and struggle with the spirit that dwelt in him.

"But what must be done to deliver them from this evil influence?" Atoyac asked, timidly.

"All strength and all wisdom come from the Wacondah," the Canadian answered. "I will ask my father, the Amantzin's, leave to spend this night in prayer in the Temple of the Sun."

The Indians exchanged a glance of admiration.

"Be it so, according to my father's wish," the High Priest said, with a bow; "his wishes are orders to us."

"Above all," the hunter continued, "let no one approach the daughters of the palefaces till to-morrow; then, perhaps, the Wacondah will grant my prayers, by indicating the medicines I must employ."

The High Priest gave a sign of assent.

"It shall be so," he said; "let my father follow me; I will conduct him to the temple."

"No," Marksman objected; "that is not possible. I must enter the sanctuary alone. My father will tell me the way to open the door."

The Amantzin obeyed, and explained to him in what way the bars and bolts were arranged, and how he must set to work to undo them.

"Good," the hunter said; "to-morrow, at sunrise, I will let my father know the will of the Wacondah, and if there be any hope left of saving the patients."

"I will wait, my son," the old man replied.

The two Indians bowed respectfully to the medicine man, and retired together. The hunter was surprised at seeing them go away thus, and asked himself where they could be proceeding at such an hour. The departure of the Indians was only the consequence of the confidential information given to Atoyac by Marksman, and the High Priest and the Chief were proceeding in all haste to the principal Sachem of the city, to impart to him all they had learned of the supposed intentions of Addick and Red Wolf.

We will here return to what we have already told the reader, in order to make him thoroughly understand the motive of the confidence with which the Indians accepted the hunter's words. In these countries, soothsayers are, as it were, favorites of fortune, and enjoy an unbounded supernatural power. As among the Redskins, the practice of medicine is, properly speaking, only an affectation of religious rites mingled with ridiculous juggling, the physicians are naturally considered to be Augurs, and respected as such. And let it not be supposed that the vulgar alone are imbued with this belief. The chiefs, warriors, priests even, as we have shown, recognize in them a marked superiority, even if they do not grant them equally absolute power.

During the latest events we have described, night had set in, but one of those American nights, so calm and soft, full of intoxicating perfumes; a weak and delicate light poured from the stars, whose innumerable army studded the profoundly azure sky with their flashing light; the moon was standing high in the heavens, and poured down on the sleeping city its silvery rays, which imparted to objects a fantastic appearance; a religious silence brooded over the landscape. The hunter looked after the two men so long as they remained in sight, and then began crossing the square to reach the palace.

The day had been a trying one to the Canadian. He had been compelled at every moment to display presence of mind, and struggle in craft with men whose clear-sighted eyes had been incessantly on the point of discovering the wolf hidden beneath the sheepskin. Still he had valiantly supported his trials, and, from the way affairs had turned, he had every reason to believe that he should succeed in delivering the two maidens; hence the worthy hunter's laughter to himself at the way in which he had played his part, and determined to brave it out boldly to the end. On reaching the temple he unfastened the bolts and bars, and entered the interior, only leaving the doors closed behind, for he felt certain that no one would dare to trouble him, through the sanctity of the spot in the first place, and then through the superstitious fears he had succeeded in inspiring the Indians with.

In asking the High Priest's permission to spend the night in the sanctuary, the hunter had no other design but to cover with the cloak of religion the means he intended to employ for the escape of the maidens, and, at the same time, have a few hours' liberty, during which he could arrange his plans fully, without being disturbed by the hospitality and curiosity of his host.

The interior of the temple was gloomy. Only one lamp burned before the table of sacrifice, spreading a weak and trembling light, insufficient to dispel the gloom. Marksman retired to a dark corner, sat down on the ground, drew his pistols from his bosom, placed them by his side for fear of a sudden attack, and, after trying with a piercing glance to sound the dense gloom that surrounded him, feeling reassured by the deadly silence, he began thinking deeply. Still, by degrees, either through weariness or the influence of the spot where he was, in spite of his violent efforts to keep awake, he felt his eyelids grow heavy, and at length he gave way to the invincible sleep that overpowered him.

He could not say how long he had slept, when a slight noise that he heard, no great distance off, suddenly made him open his eyes. Like all men accustomed to the active and perilous life of the desert, where a man must be constantly on his guard, the hunter had acquired such an exquisite delicacy of sense, that, however great his lassitude might be, his sleep was lighter than a child's. Marksman, when hardly awake, looked around, while careful not to make the slightest movement indicating that his slumbers were interrupted. He could see nothing; it was still night, and what was more, the lamp was extinguished. He understood that some one had entered the temple, and was spying him. But who could have dared to cross the sacred threshold? Two sorts of persons alone would venture to do it. A friend or an enemy. As for friends, he had only one in the city, Flying Eagle. It was evident that the warrior, if he wished to come to him, would have come openly, and not hiding himself, which might draw a bullet at his head. Hence it was an enemy: but who? Those he might have suspected, namely, Addick or Red Wolf, did not know him, and hence could not have discovered him under his disguise, as he had deceived sharper eyes than theirs. Besides, during the whole course of the day, he had not once been face to face with the two Chiefs: hence it could not be they. But who was it, then? This was what the hunter could not discover, in spite of all his cleverness. In his doubt, and through fear of being taken unawares, he stretched out his hands till they touched the pistols, and, with his head up, eyes open, and ears on the watch for the slightest sound, he prepared to bravely face the foe, whoever he might be.

The noise, however, which had disturbed him, was not repeated; all remained calm and silent. In vain did the hunter strive to detect a shadow, or even the slightest sound. Nothing disturbed the majesty of the sanctuary.

Still, Marksman was not mistaken. He had distinctly heard a footstep timidly pacing the stones of the temple. A man must have been once in his life in the same position as the hunter was now in, to understand its agony and terror. To feel close to you, scarce two yards off, an enemy watching you, whose furious eye is unpleasantly fixed on you—to know he is there; to guess it by that species of intuition God has bestowed on man to foresee a danger, and not dare to stir, for fear of making the least movement which might warn him that you were expecting the attack—this position, comparable with that of the bird fascinated by the snake, is most cruel, and, in a few minutes, becomes a punishment so intolerable, that death itself is preferable.

Assuredly, Marksman was a man of tried courage. The enterprise he was now attempting proved in him a rashness, we will not say pushed to the verge of death, for that is nothing, but to a contempt of those atrocious tortures the Redskins are so ingenious in inventing and varying, so that they can extract the life from their victims, as it were, drop by drop. Well, after a quarter of an hour of this expectation, he felt an involuntary shudder, his hair stood erect, and a cold perspiration beaded on his temples.

"A million demons," he muttered to himself. "I cannot stand this any longer. I I must know what I have to expect, whatever happens."

At the same moment he leaped to his feet as if moved by a spring, a pistol in either hand.

All at once, a shadow bounded from behind a pillar with a tiger's leap, and the hunter, seized by the throat, rolled on the ground, before he could utter a cry. A foot was placed heavily on his chest, and he saw a hideous face grinning at him, as if through a cloud. Marksman was alone, abandoned, without help; it was all over with him, nothing could save him. He gave vent to a stifled sigh, and closed his eyes, resigned to the fate that awaited him. But, at the moment he felt he was about to receive the mortal blow, the grasp on his throat relaxed, and a sarcastic voice said to him,—

"Get up, powerful Tlacateotzin. I only wished to prove to you that you were in my hands."

The hunter rose all bruised, and still troubled by this sudden attack. The other continued,—

"What would you give to escape the peril that menaces you, and be free to return peacefully to the *calli* of your host Atoyac?"

But Marksman had had time to recover from his flurry; he had picked up his pistols; all fear had fled his heart; for he had only to

*Literally, "red country."

†Curiyce of Mexico: literally it means the "serpent covered with feathers."

defend himself against one enemy. This enemy, after for a moment holding him prostrate, committed the fault of restoring him liberty to move; their position had suddenly become equal.

"I will give you nothing, Red Wolf," he said, resolutely. "Why did you not kill me, when I lay defenceless at your feet?"

The Indian Chief—for he it was—recoiled, with surprise, on finding himself so easily recognized.

"Why did I not kill you, dog?" he answered. "Because I had pity on you."

"Because you were afraid, Sachem," the hunter said, firmly; it is a different thing to kill an enemy in fighting, from assassinating an adept of the great medicine in the temple of Wacondah, when protected by his omnipotent hand. I say again, you were afraid."

The hunter guessed rightly; it was this superstitious fear which suddenly arrested the arm of the Chief, already uplifted to strike.

"I will not discuss matters with you," he said; "but tell me how you so speedily guessed my name; for I do not know you?"

"But I know you; the Wacondah announced your presence to me; I expected you; if I did not prevent your attack, it was because I wished to see if you would carry your impiety so far as to sully the revered sanctuary of the temple."

The Indian grinned. "You are going too far, sorcerer," he said, ironically. "Had it not been for a moment of weakness I now regret, you would be dead."

"Perhaps so. What do you want of me?"

"Do you not know, as you say nothing is hidden from you?"

"I know what reason brings you here. You will try in vain to dissimulate; if I ask you that question, it is because I would know if you dare to tell a falsehood."

Red Wolf reflected for a moment, and then continued, with a resolute accent,—

"Listen, sorcerer," he said, "either you are a rogue, as I believe, or else you are really what you pretend to be—a great medicine man, inspired by the Wacondah, and beloved by him; in either case, I wish to clear up my doubts. Woe to you, if you try to deceive me, for I will kill you like a dog, and of your accursed hide, cut into strips on your quivering body, I will make trappings for my horse; if, on the contrary, you speak the truth, you will not have a more devoted friend, or a more faithful servant, than myself."

"I despise your hatred, and do not want your friendship, Red Wolf," the hunter answered, in an imposing tone; "your powerless menaces do not terrify me; but, in order to make you fully understand the extent of my knowledge, I consent to do what you ask, and tell you what reason urged you to come to me."

"Do so, sorcerer, and whatever may happen, Red Wolf will be yours."

The hunter smiled contemptuously, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It is difficult, then, to divine what a man of blood wants? You and Addick, your worthy accomplice, are leagued with a miserable dog, an outcast of the palefaces, to carry off from here two poor young girls confided to the honor of your accomplice. To-day you would like to cheat those with whom you are allied, and keep the prisoners for yourself. Denounced to the great Sachem by Atoyac, to whom all your designs are known, who is also aware that you meditate seizing the supreme power, and becoming Governor of Quiepsa Tani, you felt that you were lost; then you came to me, with the intention of corrupting me, and inducing me, by the power I have at my disposal, to help you in carrying off the maidens whom you covet, so that you may fly with them before the necessary steps have been taken to arrest you. Is that all? Have I forgotten any trifling detail? Or have I really read your whole thoughts? Answer, Chief, and contradict me, if you dare!"

The Sachem listened to the hunter's long tirade with increasing trouble; the successive changes of his face, while listening to the sorcerer, would have been a curious study for an observer; and when Marksman at length concluded, Red Wolf let his head sink in confusion, and stammered, in an almost indistinct voice,—

"My father is truly a Tlacateotzin; the Wacondah inspires him; his knowledge is immense. Who is the man who would dare to hide anything from him? His eye, more piercing than the eagle's, reads all hearts."

"Now you have my answer, Red Wolf," the hunter continued, "retire in peace, and no longer disturb the meditations in which I am plunged."

"Then," the Chief remarked, with hesitation, "my father will not do anything for me?"

"Yes, I do much."

"What does my father?"

"I allow you to retire in peace, when, by one sign, it would be easy for me to lay you dead at my feet."

The Indian drew two or three steps nearer the sorcerer, so as almost to touch him; the latter, whose watchful ear had just heard the sound of gentle footsteps coming toward him, did not notice this movement, for all attention was directed to another quarter. Suddenly his frowning brow grew smooth, and a smile played on his lips; he had discovered the cause of this new mystery.

"Well," he said to the Chief, "why does Red Wolf remain here, when I gave him the order to withdraw?"

"Because I hope to induce my father to have better feelings toward me."

"My feelings toward the hunter are as they should be; I cannot change them."

"Yes, my father is kind; he will help Red Wolf."

"No, I tell you"

"My father will not serve me?"

"I will not."

"Is that my father's last word?"

"Yes."

"Then die like the dog you are!" the Redskin howled furiously, as he rushed, with uplifted knife, on the hunter.

The latter had, for a few moments, attentively watched all the Chief's movements. Being thoroughly acquainted with the treacherous character of the Apaches, on seeing Red Wolf assume a gentle manner, he perfectly foresaw what he meditated, and the termination he meant to give the scene; but, for all that, he did not make the slightest movement to escape the blow intended for him: he looked his assassin full in the face, with folded arms and unruffled brow.

Still, the arm raised against the hunter did not descend. A man suddenly emerged from the shade that concealed him, appeared behind Red Wolf, seized his arm, and twisted it with such force that the knife dropped, and then he disappeared again so rapidly, that the terrified Chief had not even the time to see whether he had to deal with a man or a spirit.

Red Wolf uttered no cry,—did not even attempt to avenge himself, but his eyes rolled in their sockets, a convulsive tremor shook his whole body, and he fell on his knees, murmuring, in a horrified voice,—

"Pardon, pardon, my father."

The hunter fell back a step, as if to avoid the unclean contact of the wretch prostrate before him, kicked the knife away with disgust, and said, in a tone of supreme contempt,—

"Pick up your weapon, assassin!"

In reply the Chief showed him his dislocated arm, which hung inert by his side.

"You wished it," the hunter continued. "Did I not warn you that the Wacondah protected me? Go, retire to your *calli*; keep silence about all that has happened here. At sunset, be with your canoe at the river bank below the bridge; I will meet you there, and perhaps cure you, if you strictly follow the order I give you; above all, forget not that you must be alone. Go!"

"I will obey my father; my lips will not utter a word without his order. But how can I leave here, unless you aid me? The spirits that watch over my father will come to me with death, when I am no longer in his presence."

"That is true: you have been sufficiently punished. Rise, and lean on my shoulder; I will help you to walk to the entrance of the temple."

Red Wolf rose without reply; his rebellious spirit was subdued. The rude lesson he had received, at length inspired him with a superstitious dread of the medicine man, which nothing could overcome.

The hunter gently led him to the outer gate. On arriving there, he carefully examined his arm, assured himself that nothing was broken, and dismissed him, saying, in a tone in which kindness was mingled with severity,—

"Thank the Wacondah, who had pity on you. In a few days your wound will be cured; but profit by this lesson, wretch. You will see me again this evening. Go; now my help is no longer requisite, you can reach your *calli* alone."

"I will try," the Chief answered, humbly.

At a bow and sign from the hunter, he began walking slowly. Marksman looked after him for some time, and then returned to the temple, being careful to bolt the gate after him this time.

At the moment the hunter disappeared in the temple, the cry of the owl rose in the air, announcing that the sun would speedily make its appearance. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

BATTLE IN NEW MEXICO.

DENVER CITY, March 7, via Julesburg, March 8.—The following news was received here to-day by military express:—

A desperate and terrible battle, lasting all day, took place at Valverde, ten miles south of Fort Craig, on the 21st of February.

The fight was probably resumed again on the 22nd.

The loss is great on both sides.

Both parties claim the victory.

A regiment of New Mexicans, commanded by Col. Panton, ran away.

Capt. McRae, who had charge of our artillery, and every one of his command, were killed at their post, and their cannon taken by the rebels.

Kit Carson was within 15 miles of Fort Craig.

Firing was heard from his direction, with what result was not ascertained at the time the messenger left.

MARTIAL LAW IN RICHMOND—UNION MEN ARRESTED.—The Richmond Dispatch calls attention to the mysterious writings on the walls of the city indicating that Union conspirators are at work in their midst, such as "Attention, Union Men!" "Watch and wait—the Union forever!" "The day is dawning—the hour of deliverance approaches!" &c.

It was these insignificant announcements that caused the arrest of Botts and twenty other suspected citizens of wealth, character and position, and the proclamation of martial law. All distillation and sale of spirituous liquors is prohibited, and Gen. Winder is charged with the due execution of the proclamation. The Dispatch urges summary measures for checking the progress of treason, and advocates the arrest and expulsion of the conspirators.

There was a great panic at Richmond, caused by the recent defeats, and the leading traitors exhibited the greatest trepidation.

CANNONADING AND RAIN.—Experience shows that the discharge of heavy artillery is usually followed by rain. The battles of the French armies were succeeded by copious rains that rendered small streams impassable, and at the battle of Solferino, a storm of such fierceness arose that the conflict was suspended. The same result attended the battles of our present war. After Gen. McClellan's four different battles there were heavy rains on the following days respectively, and Gen. Beauregard, in his recent report of Bull Run, says that he was prevented following up his victory by the heavy rains of the following days. At Fort Donelson the bombardment of Friday was followed by a rain on Saturday.

☞ The inconveniences of reporting are illustrated by the fact that the Chicago Journal had one reporter killed outright, and another had his leg shot off, at the capture of Fort Henry. A third escaped unharmed. Fortunate fellow!

☞ The Slidells have taken a house for four years' residence in Paris—safest thing they could do. Perhaps Jeff. Davis will want to board with them.

A DREADFUL GHOST.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"Such a dreadful ghost!—oh, such a dreadful ghost!"

My wife, who was luckily sitting by me, was at first as much frightened as I was, but gradually she succeeded in quieting both me and herself, which indeed she has a wonderful faculty for doing.

When she had drawn from me the cause of my terrified exclamations, we discussed the whole matter—in which we differed considerably; and on this subject we invariably and affectionately do. She is a perfectly matter-of-fact, unimaginative, and unsuperstitious individual: quite satisfied that in the invisible, as in the visible world, two and two must make four, and cannot by any possibility make five. Only being, with all her gentleness, a little pig-headed, she does not see the one flaw in her otherwise very sensible argument, namely, the taking for granted that we finite creatures, who are so liable to error even in material things, can in things immaterial decide absolutely upon what is two and what is four.

> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half your creeds.

And it is just possible that when the Devil tempted our forefather to eat of the tree of knowledge, he was laughing, as maybe he often laughs now, to think what a self-conceited fool a man must be, ever to suppose that he *can* know everything.

When I preach this to my helpmate—who is the humblest and sweetest of women—she replies, in perhaps the safest way a woman can reply to an argument, with a smile; as she did, when, having talked over and viewed on all sides my Dreadful Ghost, she advised me to make it public, for the good of the community; in which we agreed, though differing. She considered it would prove how very silly it is to believe in ghosts at all. I considered—but my story will explain that.

She and I were, I thought, invited to a strange house, with which, and with the family, we were only acquainted by hearsay. It was, in fact, one of those "invitations on business"—such as literary persons like myself continually get; and which give little pleasure, as we are perfectly aware from what motives they spring; and that if we could pack up our reputation in a portmanteau, and our head in a hat-box, it would answer exactly the same purpose, and be equally satisfactory to the inviting parties. However, the present case was an exception; since though we had never seen our entertainers, we had heard that they were, not a show-loving, literary-lion-hunting household, but really a *family*; affectionately united among themselves, and devoted to the memory of the lately-lost head. He was a physician, widely esteemed, and also a man of letters, whose death had created a great blank, both in his own circle and in the literary world at large. Now, after a year's interval, his widow and three daughters were beginning to reappear in society; and the British Association meeting, held at the large town which I need not particularise, had opened the doors of their long-hospitable house to my wife and me.

Being strangers, we thought it best to appear, as I would advise all stranger-guests to do, at the tail-end of the day; when candle-light and fire-light cast a kindly mystery over all things, and the few brief hours of awkwardness and unfamiliarity are followed by the nocturnal separation—when each party has time to think over and talk over the other—meeting next morning with the kindly feeling of those who have passed a night under the same friendly roof.

As my wife and I stepped from our cab, the dull day was already closing into twilight, and the fire only half-illumined the room into which we were shown. It was an old-fashioned, rather gloomy apartment—half study, half sitting-room; one end being filled up as a library, while at the other—pleasant thoughtfulness, which already warmed our hearts towards our unseen hosts!—was spread out that best of all meals for a weary traveller, a tea dinner. So hungry were we, that this welcome, well-supplied, elegant board was the only thing we noticed about the room;—Except one other thing, which hung close above the tea-table, on the panelled wall.

It was a large, full-length portrait, very well painted; the sort of portrait at which one says at once, "What a good likeness that must be." It had individuality, character—the soul of the man as well as his body: and as he sat in his chair, looking directly at you, in a simple, natural attitude, you felt what a beautiful soul this must have been: one that even at sixty years of age—for the portrait seemed thus old—would have shed a brightness over any home, and over any society where the person moved.

"I suppose that must be the poor Doctor," said my wife, as her eyes and mine both met upon the canvas face, which glimmered in the fire-light with a most life-like aspect, the gentle, benevolent eyes seeming to follow one about the room, as the eyes of most well-painted full-face portraits do. "You never saw him, Charles?"

"No; but this is exactly the sort of man he must have been."

And our conviction on the matter was so strong, that when the widow came in, we abstained from asking the question, lest we strangers might touch painfully on a scarcely healed wound.

She was a very sweet-looking little woman: pale, fragile, and rather silent than otherwise. She merely performed the duties of the tea-table, whilst the conversation was carried on with spirit and intelligence by her three daughters, evidently highly accomplished women. They were no longer young, or particularly handsome; but they appear to have inherited the inexpressible charm of manner which, I had heard, characterised their lost father: and they had, my wife whispered me, a still greater attraction in her eyes—(she had, dear soul, two little daughters of her own growing up)—which was the exceeding deference they paid to their mother, who was not by any means so clever as themselves.

Perhaps I, who had not married a woman for her cleverness, admired the mother most. The Doctor's widow, with her large, soft, sorrowful eyes, where the tears seemed to have dried up, or been frozen up in a glassy quietness, was to me the best evidence of what an excellent man he must have been: how deeply beloved, how eternally mourned.

She never spoke of her husband, nor the daughters of their father. This silence—which some families consider it almost a religious duty to preserve regarding their dead, we, of course, as complete strangers, had no business to break; and, therefore, it happened that we were still in the dark as to the original of that remarkable portrait—which, minute by minute, took a stronger hold on my imagination; my wife's, too—or that quality of universal tender-heartedness, which in her does duty for imagination. I never looked at her, but she was watching either our hostess, or that likeness, which she supposed to be the features which to the poor widow had been so deservedly dear.

A most strange picture. It seemed, in its wonderfully true simulation of life, to sit, almost like an unobserved, silent guest, above our cheerful and conversation table. Many times during the evening I started, as if with the sense of a seventh person being in the room—in the very social circle—hearing everything, observing everything, but saying nothing. Nor was I alone in this feeling, for I noticed that my wife, who happened to sit directly opposite to the portrait, fidgeted in her chair, and finally moved her position to one where she could escape from those steady, kindly, ever-pursuing, painted eyes.

Now, I ask nobody to believe what I am going to relate: I must distinctly state that I do not believe it myself: but I tell it because it involves an idea and moral, which the reader can apply if he chooses. All I can say is, that so far as it purports to go—and when you come to the end you will find that out—this is really a true story.

My wife, you must understand, sat exactly before the portrait, till she changed places with me, and went a little way down the oblong table, on the same side. Thus, one of us had a front, and the other a slightly foreshortened view. Between us and it was the table, in the centre of which stood a lamp—one of those reading lamps which throw a bright circle of light below them, and leave the upper half of the room in comparative shadow. I thought it was this shadow, or some fanciful flicker of the fire, which caused a peculiarity in the eyes of the portrait.—They seemed actually alive—moving from right to left in their orbits, opening and closing their lids, turning from one to the other of the family circle with a variable expression, as if conscious of all that was done or said.

And yet the family took no notice, but went on in their talk with us: choosing the common topics with which unfamiliar persons try to plumb one another's minds and characters; yet never once reverting to this peculiar phenomenon—which my wife, I saw, had also observed, and interchanged with me more than one uneasy glance in the pauses of conversation.

The evening was wearing on—it was nearly ten o'clock, when, looking up at the picture, from which for the last half-hour I had steadily averted my gaze, I was startled by a still more marvellous fact concerning it.

Formerly, the eyes alone had appeared alive: now the whole face was rounded. It grew up, out of the flat canvas, as if in bas-relief, or like one of those terribly painful casts after death—except that there was nothing painful or revolting here. As I have said, the face was a beautiful face—a noble face: such an one as, under any circumstances, you would have been attracted by.—And it had the coloring and form of life—no corpse-like rigidity or marble whiteness.—The gray hair seemed gradually to rise, lock by lock, out of the level surface—and the figure, clothed in ordinary modern evening-dress, to become shapely and natural—statuesque, yet still preserving the hints of a picture. Even the chair which it sat upon—which I now perceived to be the exact copy of one that stood empty on the other side of the fire, gave a curious reality to the whole.

By-and-by, my wife and I both held our breaths—for, from an ordinary oil painting, the likeness had undoubtedly become a life-like figure, or statue, sitting in an alcove, the form of which was made by the frame of the picture.

And yet the family took no notice; but appeared as if, whether or not they were conscious of the remarkable thing that was happening, it did not disturb them in the least; was nothing at all alarming or peculiar, or out of the tenor of their daily life.

No, not even when, on returning with a book that I had gone to fetch from the shelves at the further end of the room, my poor little wife caught my hand in speechless awe—awe, rather than fear—and pointed to the hitherto empty chair by the fire-side.

It was empty no longer. There, sitting in the self-same attitude as the portrait; identical with it in shape, countenance, and dress—was a figure. That it was a human figure I dare not say, and yet it looked like one. There was nothing ghastly or corpse-like about it, though it was motionless, passionless; endowed as it were with that divine calm which Wordsworth ascribes to Protesilaus:

> Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
> Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

Yet there was an air tenderly, pathetically human in the folding of the hands on the knees, as a man does when he comes and sits down by his own fireside, with his family round him: and in the eyes that followed, one after the other, each of this family, who now quietly put away their several occupations, and rose.

But none of them showed any terror—not the slightest. The presence at the hearth was evidently quite familiar—awaking no shudder of repulsion, no outburst of renewed grief. The eldest daughter said—in a tone as natural as if she were merely apologising to us heterodox or indifferent strangers for some domestic ceremonial, some peculiar form of family prayer, for instance—

"I am sure our guests will excuse us if we continue, just as if we were alone, our usual evening duties. Which of us is to speak to papa to-night?"

It was *him* then: summoned back, how or why, or in what form, corporeal or incorporeal, I knew not, and they gave no explanation. They evidently thought none was needed: that the whole proceeding was as natural as a man coming home at evening to his own hearth, and being received by his wife and children with affectionate familiarity.

The widow and the youngest daughter placed themselves one on each side of the figure in the chair. They did not embrace it or touch it, but regarded it with tender reverence, in which was mingled a certain sadness; but that was all. And then they began to talk to it, in a perfectly composed and matter-of-fact way; as people would talk to a beloved member of a family, who had been absent for a day or longer from the home circle.

The daughter told how she had been shopping in town; how she had bought a shawl and a bonnet "of the color that papa used to like;" the books she had brought home from the library, and her opinion of them; the people she had met in the street, and the letters she had received during the day: in short, all the pleasant little chit-chat that a daughter would naturally pour out to an affectionately-interested *living* father; but which now sounded so unnatural, so contemptibly small such a mixture of the ludicrous and the horrible, that one's common sense, and one's sense of the solemn unseen alike recoiled.

No answer came: apparently none was expected. The figure maintained its place, never altering that gentle smile—reminding one of the spectral Samuel's rebuke to the Witch of Endor—"Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" or of that superior calm with which, after death, we may view all these petty things which so perplexed us once, in ourselves and in those about us.

Then the widow took up the tale, with a regretful under-tone of complaint running through it. She told him how dull she had been all day; how in the preparations for those strangers (meaning my wife and me—how we shivered as the eyes of the figure moved and rested on us!) she had found various old letters of his, which vividly revived their happy wedlock days; how yesterday one of his former patients died, and to-day a professorship, which he meant to have tried for, had been given to a gentleman, a favorite pupil; how his old friends, Mr. A——— and Sir B. C———, had had a quarrel, and everybody said it would never have happened had the Doctor been alive—and so on, and so on. To all of which the figure listened with its immovable silence; its settled, changeless smile.

My wife and I uttered not a word. We sat apart, spell-bound, fascinated, neither attempting to interfere, nor question, nor rebuke. The whole proceeding was so entirely beyond the pale of rational cause and effect, that it seemed to throw us into a perfectly abnormal condition, in which we were unable to judge, or investigate, or escape from, the circumstances which surrounded us.

We know nothing—absolutely nothing—except the very little that Revelation hints at, rather than directly teaches, of the world beyond the grave. But any one of us who has ever seen a fellow-creature die, has watched the exact instant when the awful change takes place which converts the body with a soul to the corpse without a soul, must feel certain—convinced by an intuition which is stronger than all reasoning—that if the life beyond, to which that soul departs, be anything, or worth anything, it must be a very different life from this; with nobler aspirations, higher duties, purer affections. The common phrase breathed over so many a peaceful dead face, "I would not bring him back again if I could," has a significance, instructive as true; truer than all misty, philosophical speculations, tenderer than all the vagaries of fond spiritualists, with big hearts and no heads worth mentioning. If ever I had doubted this, my doubts would have been removed by the sight which I here depict—of this good, amiable, deeply beloved husband and father—returning in visible form to his own fireside; no ghastly spectre, but an apparition full of mildness and beauty, yet communicating a sense of revolting incongruity, utter unsanctity, and ridiculous, degrading contrast between mortal and immortal, spirit in the flesh, and spirit out of the flesh, stronger than I can attempt to describe.

That the dead man's family did not feel this, having become so familiar with their nightly necromancy that its ghastliness never struck them, and its ludicrous profanity never jarred upon their intellect or affections, only made the fact more horrible.

For a time, long or short I cannot tell, my wife and I sat witnessing, like people bound in a nightmare dream, this mockery of mockeries, the attempt at restoring the sweet familiar relations of the living with the living, between the living and the dead. How many days or months it had lasted, or what result was expected from it, we never inquired; nor did we attempt to join in it: we merely looked on.

"Will papa ever speak?" entreated one of the daughters; but there was no reply. The Figure sat passive in its chair—unable or unwilling to break the silent barrier which divides the two worlds, maintaining still that benign and tender smile, but keeping its mystery unbroken, its problem unsolved.

And now my wife, whose dear little face was, I saw, growing white and convulsed minute by minute, whispered to me:

"Charles, I can bear this no longer. Make some excuse to them—we will not hurt their feelings. Don't let them think we are frightened, or disgusted, or the like; but we must go—I shall go mad if I do not."

And the half-insane look which I have seen in more than one of the pseudo-spiritualists of the present day—people who twenty years ago would have been sent to Bedlam, but now are only set down as "rather peculiar," rose in those dear, soft, sensible eyes, which have warmed and calmed my restless heart and unquiet brain for more than fifteen years.

I took advantage of the next pause in the "communications," or whatever the family called them, to suggest that my wife and I were very weary, and anxious to retire to rest.

"Certainly," politely said the eldest daughter. "Papa, Mr. and Mrs. ———," naming our names, "have had a long railway journey, and wish to bid us all good-night."

The appearance bent on us—my wife and me—its most benevolent, gentle aspect, apparently acquiescing in our retiring; and slowly rose as if to bid good-night—like any other courteous host.

Now, in his life time, no one had had a warmer, more devoted admiration for this learned and loveable man than I. More than once I had travelled many miles for the merest chance of seeing him, and when he died, my regret at never having known him personally, never having even beheld his face, was mingled with the grief which I, in common with all his compatriots, felt at losing him so suddenly, with his fame at its zenith, his labors apparently only half done.

But here, set face to face with this image or phantasm, or whatever it was, of the man whom living I had so honored—I felt no delight; nay, the cold clearness of that gaze seemed to shoot through me with a chill of horror.

When, going round the circle, I shook hands with the widow and daughters, one after the other, I paused before *that chair*; I attempted to pass it by. Resolutely I looked another way, as if trying to make believe I saw nothing there; but it was in vain.

For the Figure advanced noiselessly, with that air of irresistibly charming, dignified courtesy of the old school, for which, everybody said, the Doctor had been so remarkable. It extended its hand—a hand which a year ago I would have travelled five hundred miles to grasp. Now, I shrank from it—I loathed it.

In vain. It came nearer. It touched mine with a soft, cold, unearthly touch. I could endure no longer. I shrieked out, and my wife woke me from what was, thank Heaven, only a dream.

* * * * * * * *

"Yes, it was indeed a Dreadful Ghost," said that excellent woman, when she had heard my whole story, and we had again composed ourselves as sole occupants of the railway carriage which was conveying us, through the dead of night, to visit that identical family whom I had been dreaming about—whom, as stated, we had never seen.

"Let us be thankful, Charles, that it was a mere fantasy of your over-excited imagination—that the dear old Doctor sleeps peacefully in his quiet grave; and that his affectionate family have never summoned him, soul or body, to sit of nights by their uncanny fireside, as you so horribly describe. What a blessing that such things cannot be!"

"Ay," replied I—"though, as Imlac says in 'Rasselas,' 'that the dead cannot return, I will not undertake to prove'; still, I think it in the highest degree improbable. Their work here is done; they are translated to a higher sphere of being; they may still see us, love us, watch over us; but they belong to us no more. Mary, when I leave you, remember I don't wish ever to be brought back again; to come rapping on tables, and knocking about chairs; delivering ridiculous messages to deluded inquirers, and altogether comporting myself in a manner that proves, great fool as I may have been in the body, I must be a still greater fool out of it."

"And Charles," said the little woman, creeping up to me with tears in her eyes, "if I must lose you—dearly as I love you—I would rather bury you under the daisies and in my heart; bury you, and never see you again till we meet in the world to come, than I would have you revisiting your old fireside after the fashion of this Dreadful Ghost."

MAKING A PRECEDENT.—Secretary Stanton, who has been untiring in his efforts to sooth the grief of Mrs. Lander, and to pay high honors to the memory of her brave husband, informed her friends that the body would be sent home by Government, on a special train. It was, however, ascertained that Adjutant-General Thomas th ught that it would be sufficient to escort the body to the depot at Washington, and a Massachusetts gentleman called on the Secretary of War to state the facts.

Gen. Thomas was sent for, questioned, and stated that "to send the body home at the expense of Government, on a special train, would be without precedent."

"Without precedent?" exclaimed Secretary Stanton; "well, we will establish a precedent!"

Taking his pen, he wrote the requisite order, and thus paid a deserved and marked tribute of respect to "the bravest of the brave."

THE TAXATION OF NEWSPAPERS AND INCOMES.—Newspapers are not directly taxed by the bill reported by the Committee of Ways and Means, but, on the contrary, all expressly exempted from the list of manufactured articles taxed. The heavy impost upon printing-paper and advertisements were deemed sufficient by the Committee. So much of the bill passed at the last session as relates to incomes is repealed, but the land tax remains unchanged.—*Washington Correspondent of N. Y. Tribune.*

SOME of the Canadian papers that have been extremely friendly to Jeff. Davis, begin to think that it is time for that individual to look out for some means of safe retreat.

THE GREAT FLOOD IN CALIFORNIA.

BY REV. T. STARR KING.

In the interior of the state there has been scarcely any sunshine since the tenth of November, and the rain that has fallen since the first of January I shall hardly dare report, as I may wish, one of these days, to resume in Boston some vestiges of character for veracity. Our average of rain in San Francisco, for the year, is about twenty inches. Already in a little more than two months, we have had thirty-four inches, and the clouds to-day are dark as ever, while more than two months of the rainy season are still before us—the months, too, in which the freshets usually come. Seventy-one days ago the rainy season set in, and fifty-five of them have belonged to the Baptist persuasion. The interior, near the base of the mountains, receives much more rain than we do on the coast, but never has anything been known there like the outpouring of the last month. At several points in the foot-hills, where measures have been kept, seventy-two inches of water have fallen since the first week of November. I believe your supply in Massachusetts is about forty inches in twelve months. You can judge, then, of the freedom of utterance of clouds over the Sierra, and their copious delivery, if they furnish nearly twice the amount in two months which your storms supply in twelve.

And in a state configured as ours is, you can calculate the effect. We have an immense central prairie, between two mountain ranges. The Sacramento flows from the north southward, and the San Joakin from the south northward, and pour their burden of waters together in the centre of the state, to rush out through the Straits of Casquinez into the bay of San Francisco, and then through the Golden Gate into the Pacific. In the spring, when the snows melt on the great mountains, these rivers find as much as they can do to run off the torrents that plunge into them; but this winter, the clouds among the Sierra have been "on the rampage," and the state presents a spectacle to-day equally wonderful and pitiful. All the forks and feeders of the two great central streams have filled the gorges of the Sierra with the roar of their fury, and converted the rich plains of the state into an inland sea.

You can have no conception in New England of what a flood is. Your ideas of mountain wrath and river ravage have been formed by the freshets of the Saco, the Connecticut, the Merrimac, and now and then the accounts that reach you of the anger of the Mohawk and the Hudson. Those only give little ribbands of disaster. But here one mountain bulwark, from seven to twelve thousand feet high, along a line of five hundred miles, has been hurling cataracts for six weeks, through the wildest gorges, down toward one river-system, through an immense plain that has no levee on its banks. The result is an imperial devastation. The two great interests of the state, mining and agriculture, are already frightfully scourged, and as we are only midway of the wet season, we know not when or what the end may be. So far as we get word from the interior, it is a monotonous account of wild spoliation. The branches and sources of the Yuba, the Feather, the American, the Mokelumne, the Stanislaus, the Merced, have risen to incredible heights, and nearly cleaned the chief mining districts of the bridges, sluices, tunnels, dykes, ditches, mills, and implements which represent the toil and capital of years.

Nature has taken the hydraulic washing for this season into her own hand, and given a specimen of *her* power of moving the hills gold and all, down into the Sacramento. And with the remorseless torrents have been borne splintered houses, machinery, cattle, the wrecks of gardens and orchards, the supports and ruins of aqueducts, the embankments of skillful roads, and we know not yet how many human bodies, to be whelmed in the turbid tides of the vast trunk rivers below. The rise and fury of some of these streams in the wild ravines cannot be conceived, even when the audacious figures are reported. Sixty or eighty feet may be stated, with a Bible near at hand on which the pen is ready to vouch its veracity. In one canon of the Klamatte river, in the north part of the state, which Mount Shasta looks down upon, a suspension-bridge, ninety feet above the usual current, was swept away, and the water rose fifty feet above that,—making a tide a hundred and forty feet above low water mark. The story looks large, does'nt it? but you can't know what truth is till you visit California, and my pen is as ready to make oath to it, as a secessionist in jail is to swear allegiance to Abraham. Don't send out here, however, to test my veracity. As soon as the sun comes out, the river goes down as fast as the secessionists loyalty.

Each one of the subordinate streams on the slopes and in the passes of the mountains has wrought as much damage as one of the New England freshets on a whole river. In some counties every bridge is swept away, and the roads about ruined. But after all the destruction in the gorges and among the hills is summed up, we have the desolation on the plains to take into account. The interior is a lake. A week ago every street of Sacramento, the capital, was under water, some of them ten to fifteen feet, and from the coast range to the Sierra, there seemed to be an unbroken sea. The steamboat from Marysville to Sacramento sailed over the stage road, which is nearly a bee-line between the two cities.

It is thought that, in some directions, diagonal lines might have been chosen in which one could have rowed two hundred miles, sometimes passing over the roofs of houses, and the tops of telegraph poles. We have had a conception, I assure you, of what the earth looked like in pre-adamite ages, and no skeptics need hereafter attempt any criticism on the account of the flood in Genesis. Our minister read it in church yesterday, and I noticed that the congregation listened not only with evident and undoubted faith, but with symptoms of grim joy that California can beat the "fifteen cubits upward" which the waters are said to have "prevailed." Already we boast that no country can get up a freshet and a desolation on such a mighty scale.

But it is pitiful to think of the rain. An area probably as large as the whole state of Massachusetts has been, if it is not now, under water. And it is the rich agricultural region of the state. The land should now be ploughed and sown for the harvest, which is due in May and June. But over tens of thousands of acres the fences are wiped off; barns and stacks of grain are annihilated; cattle have been drowned, or chilled, or starved; farming implements are floated away or ruined; houses are soaked, if not destroyed; orchards are buried under debris, or killed by the cold tides and sleet; sand is washed upon the fruitful soil, waiting to burst into the green of wheat, or the beauty of vineyards; confidence in the valley as a fit home for human beings is broken down in many of the energetic colonists; and hundreds of them, after they have seen their cattle killed and their homesteads ravaged, have been saved from the upper rooms of their houses, and sometimes from the tops of trees, by boats and little steamers that have cruised on Samaritan errands of rescue, and brought away paupers that two months ago were independent.

I visited Sacramento last week, and sailed in the rain through streets alive with boats, and lined with houses half buried in the slimy tide. But the aspect of the city, partly drowned as it is, was cheerful compared with the vast lagoons over which we steamed, that should now be green with the peeping grain. A cold north wind blew the sleety storm over the muddy waste that was relieved only by trees here and there, or the roofs of a few houses, or now and then a mound just swelling above the yellow expanse, on which huddled and starving cattle were shivering in the wet blasts. We overtook one relief steamer, and took from her over a hundred people, some of them children with naked legs and feet, who had been rescued from homes in which they had suffered for days from lack of fire and scanty food. Most of them had lost everything.

The charity of San Francisco, and the cities of the interior, has been unstinted and glorious. In Sacramento the largest hall in the city is a hospital, under the control of an admirable Benevolent Society, to furnish beds, clothing, and food for all who are homeless. Thirty thousand dollars were contributed from San Francisco in money and supplies to the treasury of that Sacramento organization. A week ago on Sunday morning, word came to us of the higher rise of the water in Sacramento, and the difficulty of getting any provision there. Collections were taken at once in many of the churches before service; a committee was in session in our great Music Hall; wagons were sent through the city to collect cooked food; bakeries were set at work; the cooking apparatus of halls and hotels put in requisition; and in the afternoon tons of food, ready to be eaten, were sent by steam to the capital, and distributed early Monday morning. Strong men in Sacramento cried like children when they saw the unloaded bounty so speedily and thoughtfully supplied. Now our Music Hall is turned into a Receiving Home for the destitute that come to the city; the steamers bring them down free, and feed them too on the passage; and homes are provided for them by the bounty of our citizens who open their houses to the sufferers.

But what will the result be to the state? It still storms furiously as I write. The bay from my window is yellow with soil from the Sierra. Through the Straits of Carquinez the downward rush of water is an enormous tide. It overspreads the bay with a fresh lake, and pours out at the Golden Gate at the rate of eleven knots an hour continually,—for there is no flood-tide on the surface coming in from the ocean. The downward stream beats it back, and the swell of the sea must come in underneath the fresh water that pours out. I do not know that the state can be injured much more, if the rain and flood continue. But the loss and damage already are fearful. In the mines an immense deal of capital is ruined. In the great agricultural districts the hopes of the next harvest are dim. You suffer from the war; we are ravaged by water almost as badly as Virginia by the rebellion.

It is estimated that a third of our permanent capital, or rather of the taxable property, in the state is cancelled. The effect on business in this city must be soon very severe. More sad is the effect it will have on the progress of the state in educational and moral enterprises and prosperity. The future was never so bright for California as two months ago. But now we must begin anew, over immense areas, to subdue nature. I hope that persons who propose to leave the East, expecting to do better in California, will consider very seriously the question of coming for a few months. Let them wait till the books are posted after this disaster. Two months will enable us to report what our needs of emigration are, and what our welcome can be.

And yet our people are wondrously cheerful. There is no whining, no despair. They have seen cities spring up anew from charcoal in a year, and they do not mean to let the flood drive them from the state of which they are so proud. Many are calculating already the advantage of the flood in drowning out gophers, and squirrels, and locusts. Others sympathise with the farmers who have saved stock, and have fellowship in their joy over the good prices that will reward them for the pains of bringing them to market. They insist that cattle were too plenty, and that we needed a flood. Others rejoice that the land will get a drenching which was necessary to prevent it from baking, and they foretell a grazing paradise. Others still have visions of diggings such as '49 offered, and insist that the flood is a mercy, since it carries off the "tailings" of years, brings down nuggets, and *pays*, even at the cost of our bridges and roads. Yet, all this while, we are under water, and are but half through our season of deluge. And it still storms.

But whatever may come, thousands would rather drown here than walk on the driest land east of the Alleghanies. They are jubilant, hundreds of them, that Nile inundations and Mississippi freshets are trifles to the sweep of the watery ravage which the Sierra can inflict; and, "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," they are for California. Whether or not I go all lengths with this party, I will not now intimate; but I am proud of the spirit with which this people bears misfortunes, and the energy that is eager for the opportunity to begin to repair the devastation of the elements. May the hills of Boston and San Francisco ever keep their heads above water!—*Boston Transcript.*

NEWS ITEMS.

The steamer Nashville has safely arrived at Beaufort, N. C., having run the blockade by successfully duping our war vessel off that point, by raising the "stars and stripes." She brings into Rebeldom some $3,000,000 worth of stores, chiefly for the use of the Treasury and Post Office Departments.

While Colonel Corcoran was in Petersburg, he received such attentions from some of the citizens as to excite general indignation and comment among the populace, who did not fancy seeing the Federals receive such kind treatment.

The rebel Congress, on Monday week, passed a preamble and series of resolutions, the substance of which is that the "South will never submit to the Federal Power, but desolate their country, destroy their homes, and suffer everything," &c., &c. They ask their President if it will not be best to build $5,000,000 worth of gunboats to defend the "S. C."

Charles J. Faulkner has written a letter in which he indignantly denies that he is a Union man, and that he recently made a speech counselling submission.

Our Foreign Relations.—The State Department has received voluminous dispatches from nearly every Foreign Minister, all of them of the most encouraging character, especially those from England and France, showing a marked change in favor of our Government.

The rebel Commodore Barron, says Geo. W. Curtis, while an inmate of Fort Warren, was reading the newspaper accounts of the deadly artillery practice, the intrepid daring of the sailors, the magnificent evolutions and skillful management of Dupont at Port Royal, until, full of excitement, he sprung to his feet, and turning to a friend, exclaimed, "By heavens! there's nothing in the world like *our navy!*"

The following curious item is taken from the Report of the Registrar General for Scotland:—In Glasgow, in 1855, one mother, who was only eighteen, had four children; one, who was twenty-two, had seven children, and of two, who were only thirty-four, the one had thirteen, and the other fourteen children; and, on the other hand, two women became mothers at fifty-one, four at fifty-two, and one mother was registered as having given birth to a child in the fifty-seventh year of her age.

Fort Donelson.—Gen. Pillow has published his official report of the battle of Fort Donelson. He says the rebel force consisted of about 12,000 men; that the army fought with the greatest gallantry, and that he was desirous of fighting his way out, but General Buckner contended that three-fourths of the army would be lost in an effort of that kind, and that there could be no necessity to sacrifice so many men to save the remaining one-fourth. The command was then turned over to Gen. Buckner, who surrendered—Gens. Pillow and Floyd, with a portion of their commands, retreating from the field.

A Russian student at Heidelberg has committed suicide in the cause of science. He wished to try on himself the effect of cyanure of potassium. He did so, and he has left a record of the different phases of his self-poisoning.

The Territorial election held in Utah on the 3d of March, resulted in a unanimous vote for the State Constitution. Brigham Young was elected Governor, and Heber C. Kimball Lieutenant Governor. The Constitution has yet to be accepted by Congress, and the state regularly admitted.

In the House of Representatives, John P. Verree has been declared, by a vote of 106 yeas to 13 nays, entitled to his seat, as member from the Third Congressional District of this city.

Rations have been contracted for to feed the 7,000 rebel prisoners to be confined at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, at 11½ cts. per diem.

The gold regions recently opened in Vancouver's Island are very valuable. The mining holes are described as shining with gold.—When the "bed rock" was laid bare, it was found studded or paved with lumps of gold, and every shovelfull contained a considerable amount, in some cases to the value of fifty dollars, and required no "washing," the nuggets or pellets of gold being picked out by hand.

An Omen.—The Louisville Journal says that on the day of the inauguration of Jeff. Davis, about one o'clock P. M., the clouds assumed a singular yellow hue, and a seemingly preternatural darkness overspread the land. Candles and gas lights were brought into requisition. The strange phenomenon lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, and passed suddenly off.

The Illinois Central Railroad is going into the corn trade on a magnificent scale. The amount owing to the corporation, for lands sold to settlers, is about $17,000,000; and in payment upon these notes it is taking corn from the farmers at 18 cents a bushel—nearly twice the ruling price.

A number of wagons have been observed in St. Louis city recently, containing "movers" coming from Illinois into Missouri. They are the advance guard of the returning Union exiles from the south-west, on the way to their homes, from which they were driven last fall.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 8, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 50 dis.
Canada	par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	5 to 20 dis.	North Carolina	10 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Canada	par to ¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 to 20 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	1a dis.	Virginia	5 to 25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 50 dis.
Mississippi	—		

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1256 head. Prices varying from 7 to 8¼c ₱ lb. 85 Cows were sold at from $18 to 50 ₱ head. 3700 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $4,50 to 5,25 nett. 1190 Hogs brought from $5,75 to 6,50 ₱ cwt, nett.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

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JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.

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A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.

GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.

McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

Capthage Vanished.—The *Paris Moniteur* publishes a report from M. de Pleux, who was charged by the Government with a mission to explore the seat of the city of Carthage. He states that any further expeditions are useless; that the *delenda est Carthago* of Cato has been strictly executed, and that the *jamjam pedere ruina* is perfectly true. There remains nothing of the ancient rival of Rome, as the soldiers of Scipio reduced its most solid buildings to ruins

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been dull and unsettled this week. Sales reach about 7000 bbls, taken in lots, at $5,12½@5,37½ for common mixed and good straight superfine; $5,37½@5,75 for extras, the latter for selected Lancaster county; and $6,02½@6,25 for common to good and choice Western and Penna extra family, including several small lots of fine Flour at $5, middlings at $4, and 300 bbls Brandywine superfine, and 1500 do Western extra and extra family on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have also been to a limited extent, within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,50 to $6,75 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is dull, with small receipts and sales to note, mostly at $3,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also dull, and Penna Meal has declined to $2,75@2,80, at which rate it is offered without sales; 500 bbls Brandywine sold at a price kept secret.

GRAIN—There has been a fair shipping demand for Wheat during the past week; about 45,000 bus were taken, mostly for export, at $1,30@1,34, chiefly at $1,33@1,34 for prime Western and Penna Reds, in store, and $1,38 to $1,45 for White, as in quality. Rye has been in steady request; 8000 bus Penna sold, part to arrive, at 74c. Corn is arriving and selling more freely, but at rather lower prices; about 90,000 bus Yellow having been disposed of at 53@54c for Penna in store, and 55c for Southern Yellow. Oats are unchanged, and the demand moderate, with sales of 25,000 bus at 37@38c for Southern, the latter afloat, and 38@39c for Penna. Barley is scarce and firm, but quiet, and prime N Y is taken in lots at 85c. Of White Beans some small sales are reported at $2 ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—The arrivals and sales of the hog product are light, and the market dull at the advance previously noted. Mess Pork is offered at $13½@13, and Mess Beef at $13@16 ₱ bbl, the latter for extra city packed, with sales of 500 bbls of the former at the lowest figures, cash. Dressed Hogs sell as wanted, at $5@5¼ the 100 lbs. Of Bacon and Green Meats the sales are limited, and the prices nearly nominal at previous quotations. Some large sales of the latter, however, are reported, mostly Hams to arrive, at 6½c for prime sugar cured in pickle, and 4½@5c in salt. Lard moves off slowly at 7½@8¼c, the latter for prime Western tierce, and kegs at 8¼@8½c, cash and time, with sales of 1,200 pkgs at these rates. Butter is steady, but dull, at 8@9c for packed, and 13@14c for roll. Cheese is quiet at 6½@7½c ₱ lb. Eggs are worth 16c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market is 2@3c ₱ lb better, and the demand from manufacturers more active, and a few small lots have been taken, some 350 bales in all, at 18@27c, cash, the latter for good middlings.

ASHES—The market is nasettled and a limited business doing in both Pots and Pearls, and for the latter prices are better.

BARK comes in slowly and for Quercitron prices are steady, with further small receipts and sales to note at $33,50 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is quiet and prices nominal.

BEESWAX—The demand is limited, and in the absence of sales we quote good yellow at 32@33c ₱ lb, and but little offering.

COAL—Orders come in slowly and the market is unsettled. There is little or nothing doing as yet for shipment, owing to the scarcity of vessels at Port Richmond.

COFFEE—Holders are firm in their demands, and the receipts and stocks are light. Sales reach some 900 bags, mostly in small lots at 18½@22c for Rio, 21½@22c for Laguayra, and 17½@18½c for Trinago, on the usual terms, including 445 bags of the former, sold by auction, at 19½@21½c, 60 and 90 days and 4 months credit.

COPPER is dull, and the sales mostly confined to Yellow Metal at 25c, 6 months.

FEATHERS are moving off more freely, but the market is dull, with sales of 7000 lbs Western to note at 34@35c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—There is a moderate business doing at $4½@5½ for Green Apples, and $10@12 ₱ bbl for Cranberries, which are getting scarce. Dried Apples sell as wanted at 4½@5½c, and unpared Peaches at 8@9c ₱ lb, and the demand moderate.

HAY is selling moderately at 75@85c the 100 lbs.

HEMP is quiet, there is a very little stock out of the hands of the manufacturers and holders are firm.

HOPS continue dull, with a small business only to note in Eastern and Western at 18@22c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market is quiet, with a few small sales of Nos 1 and 2 Anthracite at fully former rates, and 500 tons, mostly grey forge, at $20, on time. For manufactured there is a fair demand, principally for bars, which command full prices.

LEAD—The market continues bare of stock and very firm, most of the manufacturers buying in a neighboring market at full rates, 1500 pigs Galena having been purchased at 7c, cash, delivered here.

LUMBER—There is no change in price or demand and very little doing as yet in the way of sales. Lathe are selling in lots at $1,35@1,40 ₱ M.

MOLASSES has been more active, and prices are steady, with sales of about 1000 hhds to note, mostly new crop Trinidad, at 25½@26c, on time, including several lots Cuba sold by auction at 21@23c, 60 and 90 days and 4 mos credit.

PLASTER—There is none arriving or selling, and soft is scarce and wanted at advanced rates. It is quoted at $3@3,25 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is little or no Carolina here to operate in, and prices are steady at 7@7½c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clover-seed, and prime lots are scarce, with further small receipts and sales at $4,25@4,50 ₱ bus, as in quality. Of Timothy, which is in request, 500 bus sold at $2,25@2,50, and Flaxseed, in lots, at $2,10@2,15 ₱ bus. The receipts are light. Of Red Top, further sales are reported at $2,25 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm and on the advance, with a limited business to note. N E Rum is better, and held at 37@38c. Whiskey has been excited, and on the advance, with large sales bbls at 25@29c, and drudge at 24@26c.

SUGARS are firm, and quite active, with sales of 800@900 hhds Cuba, in lots, at 6¾@7¾c, on time, and 350 hhds Porto Rico, the latter mostly by auction, at 7¾@8½c, 60 and 90 days, and 4 months credit.

TALLOW is inactive, and prices about the same, and 30,000 lbs Western sold at 8½c. City is quoted at 9@9¼c ₱ lb, with limited sales.

TOBACCO—The market is unsettled; holders are firm in their demands under the proposed tax, but the sales have been limited, and the stock on sale light.

WOOL—The demand for most kinds is limited, and chiefly for fine, with further small sales of medium and fine fleece at 40@53c ₱ lb net. About 30,000 lbs California, and 50,000 lbs foreign, also sold on terms kept private, the latter in a neighboring market.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM,

109 Nassau St., New York City.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Feb. by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. James McCabla, to Miss Fanny Beaty, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. Isaac Helme, to Miss Maggie Smith, both of this city.

On the 19th of Feb. by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. George E. Williams, of Mauch Chunk, to Miss Mary A. Vandegrift, of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. James H. Church, of N. B. to Miss Caroline C. Hunt, of this city.

On the 27th of Feb. at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Geo. Kempton, Mr. J. Oliver Lesher, of Frankford, to Miss Mary A. Hall, of Bustleton.

On the 23th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. James M. Smith, of the 23d Regiment, P. V. to Miss Margaret Crawford, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Coome, Mr. Philip Mulancey, to Miss Emma Thomas, both of this city.

On the morning of the 3d instant, by the Rev. Thomas Kieran, James F. Marlow, to Jane, daughter of the late Saml. Whitaker.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, Sallie S. daughter of Geo. C. and Emma Haizell, in her 3d year.

On the 4th instant, Mr. J. C. Benfer, in his 80th year.

At Montrose, his residence, on the Heights of Georgetown, D. C., Major Edward Boyce, Paymaster U. S Army.

On the 2d instant, Hannah P. youngest daughter of Mary A. and the late Wm. Gattigues.

On the 4th instant, Thomas F. Fraley, in his 39th year.

On the 3d instant, William Hilles, in his 76th year.

On the 4th instant, Jane M. Jaques, in her 78th year.

On Wednesday evening, 5th instant, William Henry Newbold, in his 56th year.

On the evening of the 1st instant, Samuel Weaver, in his 23d year.

On the 4th instant, Sarah S. wife of the late Saml. Irens, in her 47th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. Maria Richards, wife of the late Saml. Richards.

On the 3d instant, Eliza T. wife of the late Wm. T. Miller, in her 75th year.

A LAMP CHIMNEY THAT WILL NOT BREAK.—Made for the Million. Patented July 17th, 1860.

This invention possesses many advantages over the glass chimneys now used on Coal Oil Lamps. They do not break from the heat, cleaning, or any ordinary usage. They fit all the Burners now in use. By giving them a trial, satisfaction is certain.

AMOS HORNING,
Agent for Manufacturer,
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N. B—A large and well selected stock of Coal Oil Lamps and Chandeliers; also, Kerosene and other Coal Oil, at very low prices. feb 22-6t

BILIOUS AFFECTIONS,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, &c.
JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS,
A MILD, PROMPT & EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not required; and much sickness and suffering might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might be avoided by timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic medicines.

Convinced of the correctness of these views,

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS

Are recommended with the greatest confidence, experience having demonstrated them to be far superior to any other in use, being more mild, prompt, safe and uniform in their operation. While using them no particular care is required, and patients may eat and drink as usual. Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach. In small doses they are alterative and gently laxative, but in large doses are actively cathartic, cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters.

For DYSPEPSIA, these Pills are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the Stomach and Liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. In cases of long standing, a cure will be more speedily effected by using, in conjunction with the Pills, either JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE or TONIC VERMIFUGE, according to directions.

For **Liver Complaint, Gout, Jaundice, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Fevers, Nervousness, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Female Diseases, and Bilious Affections,** these Pills have proved themselves eminently successful. All that is asked for them is a fair trial.

The SANATIVE PILLS and all of DR. D. JAYNE & SON'S *Family Medicines* are prepared only at 242 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sep7tf

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DANDELION COFFEE.

This preparation, Made from the best Java Coffee, is recommended by physicians as a superior, NUTRITIOUS BEVERAGE for General Debility, Dyspepsia, and all Bilious disorders. Thousands who have been compelled to abandon the use of Coffee, will use this without injurious effects. One CAN contains the strength of two pounds of ordinary coffee. Price, 25 cents.

KOLLOCK'S LEVAIN.—The purest and best BAKING POWDER known, for making light, sweet and nutritious Bread and Cakes. Price, 15 cents. Manufactured by

M. H. KOLLOCK, Chemist,
Corner of Broad and Chestnut Sts., Philada.
And sold by all Druggists and Grocers.
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THE GREAT TEST
of all chemical preparations
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CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE
which imparts the most superb blacks and browns,
HAS PASSED THE ORDEAL!
See Dr. Chilton's Certificate, declaring it
Free from Deleterious Ingredients!
Bear in mind the fact that
NO OTHER HAIR DYE
Has been officially tested and pronounced
PURE AND SAFE!
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. jan4-eowtf

CAUTION TO DRUGGISTS.

Beware of counterfeit "MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT." The genuine is wrapped in fine steel plate engravings, with the words "Mexican Mustang Liniment" in a circle surrounding a burning volcano, &c., and "D. S. Barnes" blown in the bottle.

There has been offered for sale, by one John D. Park, an article in general design quite the same, but executed on common stone plate, with the words "A. G. Bragg & Co." in the top of the circle, the word "Mexican" underneath, small and obscured by the smoke of the volcano, and the proprietor's name, D. S. Barnes, omitted from the bottle.

To manufacture or sell a counterfeit trade-mark is a criminal offence, and the undersigned will strictly enforce his rights civilly and criminally. Information in regard to the whereabouts of the said counterfeit Liniment will be thankfully received. D S. BARNES,
mar15-4t No. 202 Broadway, N. Y.

Palmer's
PATENT LEG & ARM,
1609 (late 376) CHESTNUT St.
PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,

Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.
Three squares West of the Old Stand.

This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines *every* possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn, (though few are suspected) and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (90 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

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The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

HAVE YOU A COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA or PHTHISIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

HAVE YOU CONSUMPTION?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, none more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

Is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Dr. Jayne & Son's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sep7-tf

Wit and Humor.

THE CONFEDERATE CARNIVAL.

RICHMOND, FEB. 22, 1862.

AIR:—*Burial of Sir John Moore.*

Not a shout was heard, not a joyous laugh,
As poor Jeff to the platform they hurried,
For the chivalry knew by the telegraph
What in Tennessee had occur-red.

They swore him in, while he inly swore—
The foam from his lank jaws churning,
And a noose seemed dangling his eyes before,
With his effigy 'neath it turning.

He thought how the foe, in the far south-west,
Had haunted his sleepless PILLOW,
And how FLOYD of the white-goose-feather crest,
Had been Footed o'er dale and hill oh!

The inaugural job was scarce half way done
When the concourse with dread was shaken;
For a message was brought by some son of a gun—
That Nashville also! was taken.

Loudly JEFF groaned o'er the city gone,
And the people with questions bored him,
Till they saw by the way he maundered on
That the terrible news had floored him.

Only the man of the *Richmond Whig*
Was cruel enough to upbraid him,
But he said right out, the ungenerous pig!
"JEFF had ruined the people who made him!"

Sadly the mournful mummery passed,
Amid pitiful lamentations,
And no gleam of hope cheered the first and last
Of Secession inaugurations.

Soon, thank God! we shall see the end
Of Rebellion's demon story,
And the Union Stars, as at first they rose,
Shall shine ALONE in their glory!

—*Vanity Fair.*

BIDDY'S TROUBLES.

It's thru for me, Katy, that I never seed the like of this people afore. It's a sorry time I've been having since coming to this house, twelve months agone this week Thursday. Yer honor know, that my fourth cousin, Ann Macarthy, recommended me to Mrs. Whaler, and told the lady that I knew about gintecl housework and the likes; while, at the same time I had niver seed inter an American lady's kitchen. So she engaged me, and my heart was jist ready to burst with grief for the story that Ann had told, for Mrs. Whaler was a swate spoken lady, and niver looked cross-like in her life; that I knew by her smooth, kiad face. Well, jist the first thing she told me to do, after I had dressed the children, was to dress the ducks for dinner. I stood looking at the lady for a couple of minutes, before I could make out any meaning at all to her words. Thin I went searching after clothes for the ducks; and such a time as I had to be sure. High and low I went, till at last my mistress axed me what for I was looking; and I told her the clothes for the ducks to be sure. Och, and how she screamed and laughed till my face was as rid as the sun wid shame, and she showed me in her kind, swato way, what her meaning was. Thin she told me how to air the beds, and it was a day for me, indade, when I could go up chamber alone, and clare up the rooms. One day Mrs. Whaler said to me, "Biddy, an' ye may give the baby an airin, if ye's will."

What should I do—and it's thrue what I am saying this blessed minute—but go up stairs wid the child, and shake it, and then howld it out of the winder. Such a screaming and kicking as the baby give—but I hild on the harder. Ivery body then in the strate looked up at me; at last mistress came up to see what for was so much noise. "I am thrying to air the baby," I said, "but it kicks and screames dridfully."

There was company down below, and whin Mrs. Whaler told them what I had been afther doing, I thought they would scare the folks in the strate with screaming.

And then I was told that I must do up Mr. Whaler's linen shirts one day, when my mistress was out shopping. She told me repeatedly to do thim up nice, for master was goin' away; so I takes the sharts, and did them all up in some paper that I was after bringing from the old country wid me, and tied some bright pink ribbon about the bundle.

"Where are the sharts, Biddy," asked Mrs. Whaler, when she comed home.

"I have been doin' them up in a quare nice nice way," I said, bringing her the bundle.

"Will you iver be done wid your graneness?" she axed me, with a loud scraine.

I can't for the life of me be tellin' what their talking manes. At home, we call the likes of this work fine starching—and a deal of it I have done, too. Och! and may the blessed Vargin pity me, for I niver'll be cured of my graneness!"

AN UGLY REBEL.—De Bow, the editor of the Review that bore his name, and which has done so much to deceive the country in respect to Southern productions and policy, is not so distinguished for personal beauty as the Apollo Belvidere. Col. Thorpe, who has lived twenty years in Louisiana, and has often seen him, tells the following story of him:—The annual mask ball at the St. Charles, in New Orleans, had gathered the beauty and chivalry of the south-west. When supper was announced toward morning, the guests were required to lay aside their masks before going into the supper-room. As De Bow was entering, one of the managers stopped him, and said, "You must take off your mask, sir."

"What!" said the reviewer.

"Your mask," said the manager, touching the ugly man's forehead, and discovering to his horror that what he took for a disguise was the best face the poor man had.

☞ Mrs. Partington wants to know if the Pope sent any of his bulls to the cattle show?

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM McARONE.

FORT DONELSON, 29th Feb.

DEAR VANITY:—The newspapers are so full of my praises and exploits that it really seems a work of supererogation for me to write anything about the taking of this work.

I should not have said a word of it, had not the *Tribune*, *Times*, and *Herald*, evinced a disposition to ignore the hero to whom the greenest laurels are obviously due.

The *Tribune*, in order to give its customary little nasty fling at McClellan, awards my friend Stanton all the credit, and says he took Fort Donelson—

The *Times*, to hurt the *Tribune's* feelings, says that McClellan took it.

The *Herald*, misjudging as usual, says that Halleck took it—

It remains for you, then, my dear Vanity, to announce the truth—

I took it.

Aye, this broad, right hand, that now deftly wields the intellectual pen, has slewed its thousands, and has planted the Old Flag upon the boasted bastions of this redoubtable redoubt—

I swear it.

Unaided, save by my gallant army—unarmed, save with such weapons as soldiers use.—I scaled the batteries, charged the ramparts, breached the intrenchments, shelled out the fascines, and surrounded the magazines!

Roanoke Island—about which nothing is yet known—was a fool to it—

The resistance of the rebels would have been much stouter if they had fought better—

There would have been many more to defend the fort if they had not run away—

That was all along of Floyd—

Do you know Floyd?

He had command of an outwork, with five thousand men and a good armament.

But all men have their peculiarities. Floyd's passion is for a whole skin. Wounds and injuries are inimical to his well-being.

He is not bullet-proof—and bullets were very plentiful around his post—so he left his post—

Left it in the night—stole quietly away. In point of fact, I may say sneaked away.

But then, consider his profession—

All thieves do that sort of thing.

When I found that Floyd didn't want his outpost any longer, I took it, and worked it right merrily.

There were multitudinous seas incarnadined.

We found no valuables in the place—

Floyd had been there.

The report is unfounded, that the rebels showed the black flag—it was the White Feather.

General Buckner finally sent me this note, by the penny post:—

DONELSON, Sunday.

Dear MAC:—As your troops are evidently routed and beaten terrifically, what terms of capitulation can I have? BUCKNER.

I replied as follows:—

BEFORE DONELSON, Sunday.

Dear BUCK:—Unconditional surrender.

McARONE.

He returned word that the terms were entirely satisfactory; the rebel flag was instantly hauled down, and Buckner delivered up his sword—

He was pretty drunk.

We took 150,000 prisoners, and would have taken more if they had been where we could get them.

Of the five Generals taken, one had left before the fight; another has not yet arrived, and a third wasn't there at all.

The fourth was another man—a minor officer.

The other is Buckner.

I shall hang him; partly for example's sake; partly for fun.

Then I shall go to Gnashville.

I am around—

Expect news shortly—

Believe nothing in the daily papers—

Believe me—

As ever, very truly yours—

McARONE.

—*Vanity Fair.*

A SENSIBLE CHARGE.—A Judge in Wisconsin, who had tried a suit for the recovery of a liquor bill, the defence to which was that the liquors sold were of a very inferior quality, charged the jury in the following language:

"Gentlemen of the jury:—Pure and unadulterated liquor is a wholesome and pleasant beverage, and, as far as the experience of the court extends, conduces to health and longevity; but a bad article of liquor, or, what is worse, a drugged article, gentlemen, cannot be tolerated; and if dealers from below will send up into this country, so blessed with the smiles of a benignant Creator, such a miserable quality of liquor as the proof shows this to be, in this court, gentlemen of the jury, they cannot recover." The verdict was, of course, for the defendant.

ADVANTAGES OF BEING KILLED.—We had been encamped in Indianapolis, writes one of the brave boys, about a month before we left for the seat of war. Some time after we arrived in Virginia, we heard that quite a large number of letters for the regiment were detained in the post-office at Indianapolis for the postage. While passing through the camp one day I overheard a couple of soldiers conversing about those letters. One inquired "What would be done with them?" The other replied, "I suppose they will be sent to the dead-letter office, and after we get killed we can get them." Thanks to the bad aim of the rebels, only three of as brave a regiment as ever went to the field had to call at *that* office for their mail matter.

☞ A soldier in one of the Kentucky camps says the motto with them is: "United we sleep, divided we freeze!"

MISSUS-ISM.

OR WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE SERVANT GALS?

PROUD MOTHER (to the new Maid).—"We parted with Sarah, because she was so sharp with our dear sweet little Harry, who has such animal spirits, you know; throwing everything about, or kicking his football through the window—perhaps he'll kick you, too—but you must not mind it, for he's a *lion-hearted, sensitive little fellow!*"

CONCLUSIVE REASONING.—Could the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have heard the following sweeping criticism, sustained by so conclusive an argument, she would probably have saved herself the trouble of writing her "Key," and given up the task as hopeless. It was uttered in perfectly good faith, and with an evident feeling that the speaker had made a "smashing" point. Soon after "Uncle Tom" was published, I was going down the Mississippi river. The book came up for discussion. Listening to the debate was a man who had informed us that he was once an overseer in Louisiana, but was now living in Southern Illinois. After quietly listening for some time, this Egyptian oracle spoke with the conscious power of knowledge: "I know 'Uncle Tom's' a lie, and I allays knowed it; for I knowed a man that knowed Mister Shelby, of Kentucky, and Mister Shelby told that man that he never had no such nigger as Uncle Tom."

THE LAST APPEAL.

The room is swept and garnished for thy sake;
The table spread with Love's most liberal cheer;
The fire is blazing brightly on the hearth;
Faith lingers yet to give thee welcome here.
When wilt thou come?

Daily I weave the airy web of hope—
Frail as the spider's, wrought with beads of dew,
That, like Penelope, each night undone,
Each morn in patience I begin anew.
When wilt thou come?

Not yet? To-morrow Faith will take her flight,
The fire die out, the banquet disappear;
Forever will these fingers drop the web,
And only desolation wait thee here.
Oh, come to-day!

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—Well has a writer said—"Flowers are not trifles, as one might know from the care God has taken of them everywhere; not one unfinished; not one bearing the marks of a brush or pencil. Fringing the eternal borders of mountain winters, gracing the pulseless heat of the gray old granite, everywhere they are harmonizing. Murderers do not ordinarily wear roses in their button-holes. Villains seldom train vines over cottage doors." And another adds, "Flowers are for the young and the old, for the grave and for the gay, for the living and for the dead; for all but the guilty, and for the guilty when they are penitent."

☞ We heard a lady say, in her exultation at the capture of Fort Donelson, that she wished she could kiss every soldier engaged in the attack upon it! Such patriotic devotion to the good cause should not go unrewarded!

Agricultural.

THE SNOW.

The snow was proverbially called the "poor farmer's manure" before scientific analysis had shown that it contained a larger per centage of ammonia than rain. The snow serves as a protecting mantle to the tender herbage and the roots of all plants against the fierce blasts and cold of winter. An examination of snow in Siberia showed that when the temperature of the air was seventy-two degrees below zero, the temperature of the snow a little below the surface was twenty-nine degrees above zero, over one hundred degrees difference. The snow keeps the earth just below its surface in a condition to take on chemical changes which would not happen if the earth were bare and frozen to a great depth. The snow prevents exhalations from the earth, and is a powerful absorbent, retaining and returning to the earth gases arising from vegetable and animal decomposition. The snow, though it falls heavily at the door of the poor, and brings death and starvation to the fowls of the air and beasts of the field, is yet of incalculable benefit in a climate like ours, and especially at this time, when the deep springs of the earth were failing, and the mill streams were refusing their motive powers to the craving appetites of man. If, during the last month, the clouds had dropped rain instead of snow, we might have pumped and bored the earth in vain for water; but, with a foot of snow upon the earth and many feet upon the mountains, the hum of the mill-stones and the harsh notes of the saw will soon and long testify to its beneficence. Bridges, earth-works, and the fruits of engineering skill and toil may be swept away, but man will still rejoice in the general good and adore the benevolence of Him who orders all things aright. The snow is a great purifier of the atmosphere. The absorbent power of capillary action of snow is like that of a sponge or charcoal. Immediately after snow has fallen, melt it in a clean vessel, and taste it, and you will find immediately evidences of its impurity. Try some a day or two old, and it becomes nauseous, especially in cities. Snow water makes the mouth harsh and dry. It has the same effect upon the skin, and upon the hands and feet produces the painful malady of chilblains. The following easy experiment illustrates beautifully the absorbent property of snow:—Take a lump of snow, (a piece of snow crust answers well) of three or four inches in length, and hold it in the flame of a lamp; not a drop of water will fall from the snow, but the water, as fast as formed, will penetrate or be drawn up into the mass of snow by capillary attraction. It is by virtue of this attraction that the snow purifies the atmosphere by absorbing and retaining its noxious and noisome gases and odors.—*Exchange.*

RAISE MORE HORSES.

Our farmers should turn their attention to the raising of horses and mules in anticipation of the large demand which will surely come, and at paying prices too. Here is what the secretary of the Vermont State Agricultural Society says on this subject in his annual report:—

"The number of horses in Vermont before the breaking out of the rebellion, was about 55,000, since which, nearly 10,000 have been carried from the state for army purposes. This immense levy for horses has been made throughout the entire country. When it is considered that comparatively few of these horses will find their way back; that the number which will die of disease or become unfit for service is twenty times as great as it would be were they used for any other kind of business; that to meet this great want of the government a large proportion of the business horses of our large cities, which have been thrown out of service by general prostration, have been bought up; it readily appears, that even during the war, horses must advance in price; and at its close, when business shall revive and trade resume its former channels, the demand for good horses must exceed the supply. Reasoning from these premises, no more profitable labor can be engaged in than the production of good business horses."

SHAPING THE HORNS OF STEERS.—The position of horns may be changed by scraping them. If it is desired to turn the horn up, scrape on the under side; if to turn the horn out, scrape on the inside, and *vice versa*—as that side of the horn scraped grows faster than the other, thereby changing the course or direction of the horns. But this is a slow process, and I will give you a more effectual method of matching steers' horns. You may be aware that horns, when young and growing fast, are tender, and may be turned in almost any direction by gently pulling them. Now, then, take a ball and screw on the horn tight; then take a small pulley, make it fast over the head in the direction you wish to turn in the horn; then take a small cord, make it fast to the horn, pass it over the pulley, and tie on a weight; taking care not to put on too much weight, which would turn the horn too short. About the weight of a brick is sufficient for a two-years old steer. Whenever he is put into the barn, hitch on the cord and let the weight be pulling, and in the course of two or three months there will be a decided change in the position of the horn.

C.

[N. S. Waterman, Orange, Vt., suggests the same mode, and says that oiling the scraped portion will facilitate the process.]

WHAT TREES SHALL I PLANT IN MY VILLAGE LOT?—Such a question is often asked by some one who is beginning to build up a home for himself and family. Of course, the same answer cannot be given to every one, for it depends somewhat on the size of the place, and a great deal on the location. We would, however, say to all beginners, "let apple trees alone;" they cover all the ground, and seldom pay for the ground they occupy. They are very desirable on a large place; in fact, they should always be looked upon as the best stand-by; but in a small place, plant the most select kinds of the finer fruits, pears, peaches, apricots, plums and a few cherries, especially if you are near the lake. A large portion of the place should be planted with grape-vines in variety. For a bushel of any of these fruits, you can get several of apples, if plenty; and if scarce, your apple trees, if you had them, would bear no better than your neighbors. Don't forget the smaller fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, &c., with a nice quince bush, in some rich, moist corner, from which your wife can gather fruit for preserves or marmalade.

Useful Receipts.

BEEF-STEW.—A very economical and most savory and delicious dish can be made with two or three pounds of chuck-steak (a cheap part of beef), which infinitely surpasses the tasteless, insipid, common eating-house stuff called "beef *a la mode*." Cut the steak into pieces about two inches square; put them into a sauce-pan, with a large breakfast cup of cold water; put it on the fire; as soon as it boils up, stand it on the hole to simmer for two hours until perfectly tender. While simmering, tie up, with a bit of thread or cotton, a bunch of herbs, composed of knotted marjoram, winter savory, and a little thyme; take it out just before the dish is served. Of course the stew must be occasionally shaken, as all others are; remember, however, the fat must not be skimmed off; the more fat there is the better is the stew. This dish is of Italian origin, and in that country is eaten with plain, boiled maccaroni and Parmesan cheese, or with salad; and with either it is a "dainty dish to set before a king." Any girl from a charity-school could cook it, while an alderman of Portsoken ward, and a three-stone man, or a cripple from the work house, would equally enjoy it, and wish he could eat more.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HOMINY.—After the hominy is well washed, instead of putting it into an open pot or kettle to boil, as is the usual practice, get a tin kettle of the size wanted, put the same into a common iron pot that will hold about one-third more, which will leave a space around the tin to be filled with water. Then put the hominy into the tin kettle, with a suitable quantity of water, fill the pot pretty full of water, put the lids on the kettle and the pot, and let the hominy boil upon the stove, stirring it two or three times while boiling. By so doing it will be found that the quality of the article will be much improved; more than half the usual work of stirring and tending will be saved, together with a large part of the work in cleaning the kettle after using, which has heretofore been the chief objection to cooking this dish. The tin kettle should be kept from touching the bottom of the pot, by means of a large wire, crooked for the purpose, and laid in the bottom, so as not to have the tin and iron come in contact while boiling. By this means none burns to the kettle, and the burnt flavor, which is so noticeable in that cooked in the old-fashioned way, is entirely avoided.—*Hall's Journal.*

WATER-PROOF GLUE.—Fine shreds of India rubber, dissolved in warm copal varnish, make a water-proof cement for wood and leather. Take glue, twelve ounces, and water sufficient to dissolve it; then add three ounces of resin, and melt them together, after which add four parts of turpentine. This should be done in a water-bath, or in a carpenter's glue-pot." This also makes a very good water-proof glue.

LIQUID GLUE.—The American Agriculturist recommends the following preparation for mending almost all articles that can be "stuck" together. It is named "Diamond Cement," and is often sold under that name at twenty-five cents for a two-ounce vial: Take one pound white glue; one quarter pound white lead, (dry); one quart rain-water; one-half pint alcohol. Place the first three ingredients in a kettle, and set the kettle in a dish of water. Boil it until the glue is dissolved; then add the alcohol, and boil again until all is well mixed. Keep it in well-stopped bottles. Use it in the same manner as glue. Should it be a little hardened when wanted for use, soften it by placing the bottle in warm water.

MUSH BISCUIT.—Make about a quart of Indian-meal mush or stirabout; while hot, add a piece of butter, about the size of an egg, thin it with milk, adding a little salt; then add some flour, thin it with a tea-cup of yeast, then add as much more flour as will make it the consistence of dough; knead it well, set it to rise, and bake with a hot fire. The meal makes the bread light, and thus removes the objection to the unhealthfulness of hot bread.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CHALK FOR WARTS.—W. H. Bennet, of Warwick, R. I., says that by rubbing chalk frequently on warts they will disappear. In several instances known to him in which this simple remedy was tried, it proved successful. We have known slightly moistened pearlash to remove warts by rubbing it upon them.

DIPTHERIA.—Nearly all of our children have suffered with sore throat, with two marked cases of diptheria, but thanks to two simple remedies, the most valuable of which is a gargle of warm water and salt, they are now out of danger.—*Editor Illinois Farmer.*

☞ We often fancy that we suffer from ingratitude, when, in reality, we are suffering from self-love.

The Riddler.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 8, 2, 23, 10, 5, is one of the Asteroids.
My 7, 18, 3, 3, 21, 1, 16, is one of the Pleiades.
My 10, 15, 1, 13, 18, 20, 3, is one of the planets.
My 9, 2, 19, 11, 20, is the name of a constellation.
My 8, 24, 19, 6, is the name of an Asteroid.
My 4, 19, 2, 4, 15, is also an Asteroid.
My 1, 5, 24, 4, 15, 7, is one of the constellations.
My 12, 21, 4, 19, is an Astronomical term.
My 12, 3, 24, 14, 3, 7, is the same as 1, 5, 24, 4, 15, 7.
My 7, 4, 11, 3, 1, 19, 2, 20, is also the name of a constellation.
My 3, 17, 18, 3, 10, 9, 22, is an Astronomical term.
My 1, 21, 3, 10, 13, is that which has position but no magnitude.
My whole is the name of a Problem in Astronomy. J. WILLIS HALL.

Williamsport, Pa.

COUNTY ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 1, 11, 6, 28, 36, is a county in Iowa.
My 1, 38, 10, 7, is a county in Florida.
My 2, 11, 8, 19, 9, is a county in Georgia.
My 4, 11, 1, 30, 35, 13, 29, is a county in Mississippi.
My 10, 23, 34, 3, is a county in Alabama.
My 12, 16, 24, 31, is a county in California.
My 14, 17, 24, 27, 38, 39, is a county in New York.
My 15, 23, 34, 39, is a county in Arkansas.
My 18, 33, 30, is a county in Missouri.
My 21, 19, 34, 35, 36, is a county in Georgia.
My 25, 10, 31, 40, 10, is a county in Texas.
My 26, 21, 36, 31, 29, is a county in North Carolina.
My 27, 11, 20, 32, 21, 35, 5, 34, 10, is a county in South Carolina.
My 32, 20, 20, 16, 20, is a county in Georgia.
My 33, 34, 7, 11, is a county in Tennessee.
My 34, 5, 22, 18, 12, is a county in Iowa.
My whole is an old saying.

Newport, R. I. AQUIDNECK.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Every man doth my whole possess
Save the poorest of the poor;
And most old maids you must confess,
Much love my 1, 3, 4.

My 3, and 4, and 4, and 2,
Two prepositions form;
My 1, 3, 4, 2, is known by you,
A Roman censor warm.

Though plural are my 1, and 2,
My third is singular,
My 1, 2, 4, has oft held you
At night when young you were.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Time was when I was very tall,
Time was when I was very small,
Time is when I am not at all,
Time will be when you'll on me call
In vain. Canst guess it all?

Tonica, Ill.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A county in Maine.
A county in Vermont.
A county in Texas.
A county in Georgia.

The initials from the top, and the last letters from the bottom, will form the name of something which I think you know

GAHMEW.

DIOPHANTINE ANALYSIS QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find four positive integral square numbers, such that their sum shall be a cube; the sum of the squares of every three of them a biquadrate; and the sum of the cubes of every two of them a quintic.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two travellers start at the same time, A from New York and B from Boston, and travel towards each other until they meet; when A says to B, I can travel the distance you have in 18 hours, and you can travel the distance I have in 32 hours. How long had they been travelling, and how long would it take each man to perform the journey between the two cities?

O. P. WALDO.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is *Jeff Davis'* Message like the entrance to Charleston harbor? Ans.—Because it abounds in shallow passages.

☞ Why are seeds when sown like gate posts? Ans.—They are planted in the earth to prop-a-gate.

☞ How should Tom Thumb give a conundrum to the Irish Giant? Ans.—"Give it up."

☞ When may a ship be said to be in love? Ans.—When she's attached to a buoy (boy.)

☞ Which is the coldest seat in an omnibus? Ans.—The one next the *pole*.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The passage of the Delaware, by the American army, under Washington. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Patrick Henry, the greatest orator of his day. REBUS—Reading—Roxbury, Adelsberg, Albany, Detroit, Irkoutsk, New Haven, Guanaxuato. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—7 terms.

Answer to David Anderson's QUESTION, published Jan. 25th. The numbers are 3144, 6216, 6721, 9216, 12144, 15000, 17784.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM of Artemas Martin, published Jan. 25th. The hourly speed of the officer 10.5478 miles.

DAVID WICKERSHAM.

Clinton Co., Ohio.

☞ Let not the stream of your life always be a murmuring stream.